



A SECOND SCHOOL POETRY BOOK

COMPILED BY

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FOR GIRLS

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PREFACE

THE following poems have been compiled, on the same plan as those in the preceding volume, with a view to the Middle Forms of High Schools, *i.e.* to girls from eleven to fourteen or fifteen. If any of them should seem too simple for eleven, my excuse must be the pleasure they have afforded to readers long past fourteen. Some favourites that will be missed have been reserved for a later volume.

I have assumed that, in the Forms contemplated, lessons in literature will be given apart from the poetry learnt by heart, and have therefore included no extracts from the plays of Shakespeare, nor (with one exception) from the longer poems of Longfellow or Scott.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to say a word in defence of what are called "poems of sentiment." These are sometimes objected to as unsuitable for

children But they appeal to instincts which are as natural,—as necessary a part of the equipment of an “all-round” nature,—as any others, and only unhealthy when exaggerated or misdirected, and it would seem to be one of the minor uses of poetry to provide a healthy outlet for what might otherwise degenerate into morbidness or sentimentality Care must, of course, be taken that the sentiment is not overcharged Affection must not—for children—amount to passion, nor regret to remorse, nor despondency to despair But, granting this, it is better that they should be occupied with the troubles of even imaginary persons than with their own, and the extent to which such imaginative sympathy is possible to girls will only be doubted by those who do not know them, or have forgotten their own girlhood These considerations may serve to explain the choice of two or three poems in the following collection, which will not, however, I think, be pronounced a sentimental one

For the use of copyright poems, my warm thanks are due to Mr Matthew Arnold, Mrs Howitt, Miss Christina Rossetti, Miss Ingelow, Mr Brown (Author of *Fo'c'sle Yarns*), Mr Lewis Morris, Mr John Dennis, and Mr. Andrew Lang;

to Messrs Smith and Elder, for the use of two poems by Mrs. Browning; and to Messrs Macmillan and Co, for the use of poems by Lord Tennyson, Canon Kingsley, and Mr Barnes I have also to express my sincere obligations to those American authors whose poems I have inserted, and to Mr William Allingham, whose version of two or three "Old Ballads" I have ventured to adopt

As regards notes, my rule has been to make them as few and as short as is compatible with intelligent enjoyment, and I have seldom thought it necessary to explain dictionary words, or familiar names and allusions. A Glossary of Scottish words will be found at the end of the volume

CLIFTON, *April* 1887



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Poems marked with an asterisk are inserted by permission

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PART I

AN INVOCATION

COME, spirit watchers at the golden gateway
That leads from Earth to realms of Fantasy,
Guide our perplexed feet, and bring us straightway
Where freshest springs and fairest pastures be

Reveal to us the splendour and the wonder
Ye show to happy hearts that sojourn long ;
Teach us the mystery that lieth under
The opening hawthorn and the blackbird's song

So shall we turn again with gladder faces
To this our dusty world of every day,
Our eyes more keen to mark its hidden graces,
And greet each flower that blossoms on our way

So may the spells ye taught us still be ours
In Life's chill Autumn, when the nights are long,
And still our hearts find treasure of late flowers,
And hear, through rain and mist, the redbreast's song.

1 —THE SHEPHERD

HOW sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ,
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply ,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh
W. BLAKE

2 —MY GARDEN

I HAVE a garden of my own
Shining with flowers of every hue ,
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you ,
And there the golden bees shall come
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn

THE FISHING-BOAT

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst ,
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noon-tide heat ;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silvery feet

T. MOORE

3 —THE FISHING-BOAT

I GOING OUT

BRISKLY blows the evening gale,
Fresh and free it blows ,
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How merrily she goes !
Christ He loved the fishermen ,
Walking by the sea,
How He blessed the fishing-boats
Down in Galilee !
Dark the night and wild the wave ;
Christ the boat is keeping ,
Trust in Him, and have no fear,
Though He seemeth sleeping.

II COMING IN

BRISKLY blows the morning breeze,
Fresh and strong it blows ,

Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How steadily she goes !
Christ He loved the fishermen,
And He blessed the net
Which the hopeless fishers threw
In Gennesaret
He has blessed our going out,
Blessed too our returning ,
Given us laden nets at night,
And fair wind in the morning
M. HOWITT

4 —FAIRIES IN WINTER

O WHERE do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallised their rills ?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
And draughts of dew they cannot sip
Till green leaves come again

Perhaps in small blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain ;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again

When they return there will be mirth
 And music in the air,
 And fairy wings upon the earth,
 And mischief everywhere
 The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
 Will bar the doors in vain ,
 No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
 When green leaves come again

T H. BAYLY

5.—ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name
 Bob-o'-link,¹ bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ,
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ,
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ,
 Look what a nice new coat of mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine
 Chee, chee, chee

¹ An American bird

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ,
Brood, kind creature , you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ,
One weak chirp is her only note
Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ,
Never was I afraid of man ,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about
Chee, chee, chee

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ,
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry an
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie
Chee, chee, chee

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ,
Fun and frolic no more he knows ,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ,
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes .
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again
Chee, chee, chee.

W. C. BRYANT

6 —PARIS AND CENONE¹

Cenone —FAIR and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Lady !

Paris —Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Lady.

Cenone —My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May,
And of my Love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse !

Both —They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse !

Cenone —Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Lady !

Paris —Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,

¹ Paris, the son of Priam, was brought up as a shepherd, and loved Cenone, a nymph of Mount Ida

10 THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS

Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Lady

Enone.—My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
My Love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays
Amen to Cupid's curse!
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse!

Both.—They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse!
G. PEELE

7—THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS

I MADE myself a little boat,
As trim as trim could be,
I made it of a great pearl shell
Found in the Indian Sea

I made my masts of wild sea-rush
That grew on a secret shore,
And the scarlet plume of the halcyon
Was the pleasant flag I bore

For my sails I took the butterfly's wings,
For my ropes the spider's line,
And that mariner old, the Nautilus,
To steer me over the brine

THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS 11

For he had sailed six thousand years,
And knew each isle and bay ;
And I thought that we, in my little boat,
Could merrily steer away

The stores I took were plentiful
The dew as it sweetly fell ,
And the honey that was hoarded up
In the wild bee's summer cell

" Now steer away, thou helmsman good,
Over the waters free ,
To the charmèd Isle of the Seven Kings,
That lies in the midmost sea "

He spread the sail, he took the helm ,
And, long ere ever I wist,
We had sailed a league, we had reached the isle
That lay in the golden mist

The charmèd Isle of the Seven Kings,
'Tis a place of wondrous spell ,
And all that happed unto me there
In a printed book I'll tell

Said I, one day, to the Nautilus,
As we stood on the strand,
" Unmoor my ship, thou helmsman good,
And steer me back to land ,

" For my mother, I know, is sick at heart,
And longs my face to see
What ails thee now, thou Nautilus ?
Art slow to sail with me ?

12 THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS

Up! do my will ; the wind is fresh,
So set the vessel free "

He turned the helm ; away we sailed
Towards the setting sun .
The flying-fish were swift of wing,
But we outsped each one

And on we went for seven days,
Seven days without a night ;
We followed the sun still on and on,
In the glow of his setting light.

Down and down went the setting sun,
And down and down went we ,
'Twas a splendid sail for seven days
On a smooth descending sea

On a smooth, descending sea we sailed,
Nor breeze the water curled
My brain grew sick, for I saw we sailed
On the down-hill of the world.

" Good friend," said I to the Nautilus,
" Can this the right course be ?"
And shall we come again to land ?"
But answer none made he ,
And I saw a laugh in his fishy eye
As he turned it up to me

So on we went ; but soon I heard
A sound as when winds blow,
And waters wild are tumbled down
Into a gulf below

THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS 13

And on and on flew the little bark,
As a fiend her course did urge,
And I saw in a moment we must hang
Upon the ocean's verge.

I snatched down the sails, I snapped the ropes,
I broke the masts in twain,
But on flew the bark, and 'gainst the rocks
Like a living thing did strain.

"Thou'st steered us wrong, thou helmsman vile!"
Said I to the Nautilus bold,
"We shall down the gulf; we're dead men both!
Dost know the course we hold?"

I seized the helm with a sudden jerk,
And we wheeled round like a bird,
But I saw the gulf of Eternity,
And the tideless waves I heard

"Good master," said the Nautilus,
"I thought you might desire
To have some wondrous thing to tell
Beside your mother's fire

"What's sailing on a summer sea?
As well sail on a pool;
O but I know a thousand things
That are wild and beautiful!

"And if you wish to see them now,
You've but to say the word."
"Have done!" said I to the Nautilus,
"Or I'll throw thee overboard

14 THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS

"Have done!" said I, "thou mariner old,
And steer me back to land"
No other word spake the Nautilus,
But took the helm in hand.

I looked up to the lady moon,
She was like a glow-worm's spark;
And never a star shone down to us
Through the sky so high and dark.

We had no mast, we had no ropes,
And every sail was rent;
And the stores I brought from the charmèd isle
In the seven days' sail were spent

But the Nautilus was a patient thing,
And steered with all his might
On the up-hill sea, and he never slept,
But kept the course aright,

And for thrice seven nights we sailed and sailed
At length I saw the bay
Where I built my ship, and my mother's house
'Mid the green hills where it lay.

"Farewell!" said I to the Nautilus,
And leapt upon the shore,
"Thou art a skilful mariner,
But I'll sail with thee no more!"

M. HOWITT

8 —THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO
HIS LOVE

COME, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle,

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me and be my love

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love

C MARLOWE

9 —THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
 Where may the grave of that good man be ?
 By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
 And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
 Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown —
 The knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust,—
 His-soul is with the saints, I trust

S T COLERIDGE

10 —BEGGAR'S SONG

COME ! come away ! the spring,
 By every bird that can but sing
 Or chirp a note, doth now invite
 Us forth to taste of his delight,
 In field, in grove, on hill, in dale ,
 But above all the nightingale,
 Who in her sweetness strives to outdo
 The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo
 Cuckoo ! cries he ; jug, jug, jug ! sings she ,
 From bush to bush, from tree to tree
 Why in one place then tarry we ?

Come away ! Why do we stay ?
 We have no debt or rent to pay ,

No bargains or accompts to make ,
 Nor land nor lease to let nor take
 Or if we had, should that remove¹ us
 When all the world's our own before us,
 And where we pass and make resort,
 It is our kingdom and our court ?
 Cuckoo ! cries he , jug, jug, jug ! sings she
 From bush to bush, from tree to tree
 Why in one place then tarry we ?

R BROME

II —ALBERT GRÆME

It was an English lady bright
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all
 Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ,
 But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though Love was still the lord of all
 Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ,
 Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all
 For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ,
 And he swore her death, ere he would see
 A Scottish knight the lord of all !

¹ Probably for *remord* (Fr. *remordre*), to vex

That wine she had not tasted well
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
When dead in her true love's arms she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all

Now all ye lovers that faithful prove
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
Pray for their souls that died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all !

W SCOTT

12 —SONG TO PAN

ALL ye woods and trees and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame !

He is great and he is just ,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
 Let us fling
 Whilst we sing
 Ever holy, ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung
 J FLETCHER

13 —LILIES

WE are lilies fair,
 The flower of virgin light ,
Nature held us forth and said,
 "Lo, my thoughts of white !"

Ever since then, angels
 Hold us in their hands ;
You may see them where they take
 In pictures their sweet stands

Like the garden's angels
 Likewise do we seem ,
And not the less for being crowned
 With a golden dream

Could you see around us
 The enamoured air,
You would see it pale with bliss
 To hold a thing so fair
 LEIGH HUNT

14 —THE WEE WEE MAN

As I was walking all alane
Between a water and a wa',
And there I spied a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw

His legs were scarce a strathmont's length,
And thick and thimber was his thigh,
Between his biows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften't to my knee

"O wee wee man, but thou art strong !
O tell me where thy dwelling be !"
"My dwelling's down by yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see ?"

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green,
We lighted down to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green,
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha'
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'

When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jump and sma',
But in the twinkling of an ee
My wee wee man was clean awa'
OLD BALLAD

15 —THE SEA

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ,
It plays with the clouds , it mocks the skies ,
Or like a cradled creature lies

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be ,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep

I love, O how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide !
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ,
And a mother she was and is to me ,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ,
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

BARRY CORNWALL

16.—THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall ,
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand
The fingers of a man,—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice,
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth ”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill,
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view,
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone,
 The Mede is at his gate!¹
 The Persian on his throne!"²

BYRON

17 — TO THE QUEEN OF THE MAY¹

WITH fragrant flowers we strew the way,
 And make this our chief holiday,
 For though this clime were blest of yore,
 Yet was it never proud before
 O beauteous Queen of second Troy,²
 Accept of our unfeignèd joy!

Now the air is sweeter than sweet balm,
 And satyrs dance about the palm,
 Now earth with verdure newly dight
 Gives perfect signs of her delight
 O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
 Accept of our unfeignèd joy!

Now birds record new harmony,
 And trees do whistle melody,
 Now everything that Nature breeds

¹ Queen Elizabeth² London Alluding to the tradition that the English were Britons, and the Britons descended from the Trojans

Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds
O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeignèd joy
T WATSON

18 —OUR GUDEMAN

The gudewife has hidden a rebel in the house, and is anxious
to save her husband from complicity in treason

OUR gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ,
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Whaur nae horse should be
"O how cam' this horse here ?
How can this be ?
How cam' this horse here,
Without the leave o' me ?"
"A horse !" quo' she ,
"Ay, a horse," quo' he
"Ye auld blind dorted carle,
Blinder mat ye be !
'Tis naething but a milk cow
My minnie sent to me "
"A milk cow !" quo' he ,
"Ay, a milk cow," quo' she
"Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back
Saw I never nane !"

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ,
He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
Whaur nae boots should be

"What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
How cam' these boots here,
Without the leave o' me ?
"Boots !" quo' she ,
"Ay, boots," quo' he
"Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be !
It's but a pair o' water-stoups
The cooper sent to me "
"Water-stoups !" quo' he ,
"Ay, water-stoups," quo' she
"Far hae I ridden,
And far'er hae I gane,
But siller spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane !"

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ,
And there he saw a sword,
Whaur nae sword should be
"What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
O how cam' this sword here,
Without the leave o' me ?"
"A sword !" quo' she ,
"Ay, a sword," quo' he
"Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be !
It's but a parritch spurtle
My minnie sent to me "
"A spurtle !" quo' he ,
"Ay, a spurtle," quo' she
"Weel—far hae I ridden,

And meikle hae I seen,
But siller-handled spurtles
Saw I never nane !”

Our gudeman cam’ hame at e’en,
And hame cam’ he ,
There he spied a pouthered wig,
Whaur nae wig should be
“ What’s this now, gudewife ?
What’s this I see ?
How cam’ this wig here,
Without the leave o’ me ?”
“ A wig !” quo’ she ,
“ Ay, a wig,” quo’ he.
“ Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be !
’Tis naething but a clockin’ hen
My minnie sent to me ”
“ A clockin’ hen !” quo’ he ,
“ Ay, a clockin’ hen,” quo’ she
“ Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But pouther on a clockin’ hen
Saw I never nane !”

Our gudeman cam’ hame at e’en,
And hame cam’ he ,
And there he saw a riding-coat,
Whaur nae coat should be
“ O how cam’ this coat here ?
How can this be ?
How cam’ this coat here,
Without the leave o’ me ?”
“ A coat !” quo’ she ,

“Ay, a coat,” quo’ he
“Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be !
It’s but a pair o’ blankets
My minnie sent to me ”
“Blankets !” quo’ he ,
“Ay, blankets,” quo’ she
“Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane !”

Ben went our gudeman,
And ben went he ;
And there he spied a sturdy man,
Whaur nae man should be
“How cam’ this man here ?
How can this be ?
How cam’ this man here,
Without the leave o’ me ?”
“A man !” quo’ she ;
“Ay, a man,” quo’ he
“Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be !
It’s a new milking-maid
My minnie sent to me ”
“A maid !” quo’ he ,
“Ay, a maid,” quo’ she
“Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded milking-maids
Saw I never nane !”

OLD BALLAD

19 —A WISH

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixed , sweet recreation,
And innocence which most does please
With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ,
Thus unlamented let me die ,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie
A. POPE ¹

¹ Written when he was twelve years old.

20 —TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

PANSIES, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ,
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory ,
Long as there are Violets
They will have a place in story
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout ' I
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower '—I'll make a stir,
Like a great astronomer

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold and lavish of thyself ,
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ,
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal,
Telling tales about the sun
When we've little warmth, or none

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude
Never heed them , I aver
That they all are wanton wooers ,
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home
Spring is coming,—thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups, that will be seen
Whether we will see or no ,
Others, too, of lofty mien ,
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine !

32 O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Scorned and slighted upon earth,
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Singing at my heart's command,
 In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

W WORDSWORTH

21 —O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED,
 RED ROSE

O My Luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June,
 O my Luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly played in tune
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I,
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my own Luve !
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my Luve,
 Though it were ten thousand mile

R BURNS

22 —LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in all,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare

I trow they did not part in scorn
Lovers long-betrothed were they
They two will wed the morrow morn
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair,
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me"

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare"

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth you are my child
D

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast,
I speak the truth, as I live by bread'
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead"

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife"

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can"
She said, "Not so but I will know
If there be any faith in man"

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right"
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night"

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear,
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee"
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me"

“ Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go ”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And followed her all the way

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? ”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are ,
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“ And not the Lady Clare ”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ For I am yours in word and in deed
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ Your riddle is hard to read ”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail ,
She looked into Lord Ronald’s eyes,
And told him all her nurse’s tale

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn,
 He turned and kissed her where she stood
 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—
 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare"

TENNYSON

23—THE GREENWOOD

O WHEN 'tis summer weather,
 And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
 The waters clear is humming round,
 And the cuckoo sings unseen,
 And the leaves are waving green—
 O then 'tis sweet
 In some retreat
 To hear the murmuring dove,
 With those whom on earth alone we love,
 And to wind through the greenwood together
 But when 'tis winter weather,
 And crosses grieve,
 And friends deceive,
 And rain and sleet
 The lattice beat,—
 O then 'tis sweet
 To sit and sing
 Of the friends with whom, in the days of Spring,
 We roamed through the greenwood together

W L BOWLES

24 —UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep
—Gave her strewings, but not strew
The earth that lightly covers her
R HERRICK

25 —LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!"
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

—"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"

—"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen
My blood would stain the heather

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“ I'll go, my chief, I'm ready .

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady —

“ And by my word ' the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ,

So though the waves are raging white,

I'll row you o'er the ferry ”

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking ,

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking

But still, as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,

“ Though tempests round us gather ,

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father ! ”

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her,—

When, O ! too strong for human hand

The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—

His wrath was changed to wailing

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
 His child he did discover
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her love:

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
 “Across this stormy water
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief —
 My daughter !—O my daughter !”

’Twas vain the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting

T CAMPBELL

26 —THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

HE cannot walk, he cannot speak,
 Nothing he knows of books and men,
 He is the weakest of the weak,
 And has not strength to hold a pen
 He has no pocket and no purse,
 Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
 But has more riches than his nurse,
 Because he wants not any

He rules his parents by a cry,
 And holds them captive by a smile,
 A despot, strong through infancy,
 A king, from lack of guile

40 AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN REDBREAST

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother ,
What can he mean ? But I suppose
They understand each other

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway ;
For wrapt in baby-lobes of state
He governs night and day
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him ,
His subjects bend before him too,
I'm one of them, God bless him !
J. DENNIS

27 —AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN
REDBREAST

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves ,
—Gone to the world where birds are blest '
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or school-boy's giant form is seen ,
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing '
S ROGERS

28 —JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“WHY weep ye by the tide, lady ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride
 And ye sall be his bride, lady,
 Sae comely to be seen ”—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

“Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale ,
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-dale ,
 His step is first in peacefu' ha',
 His sword in battle keen ”—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair ,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ,
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen ”—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair,
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there
 They sought her baith by bower and ha',
 The lady was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean

W SCOTI

29 —THE FLY

ONCE musing as I sat, and candle burning by,
 When all were hushed, I might discern a simple
 silly fly,
 That flew before mine eyes, with free rejoicing
 heart,
 And here and there with wings did play, as void
 of pain and smart
 Some time by me she sat, when she had played
 her fill,
 And ever when she rested had, about she fluttered
 still
 When I perceived her well, rejoicing in her
 place,
 "O happy fly," quoth I, "and eke O worm in
 happy case!"
 Which two of us is best?—I that have reason?
 —no!
 But thou that reason art without, and therewith
 void of woe.

I live, and so dost thou, but I live all in
 pain,
 And subject am to her, alas ! that makes my grief
 her gain
 Thou liv'st, but feel'st no grief no love doth
 thee torment
 A happy thing for me it were, if God were so
 content,
 That thou with pen wert placèd here, and I sat
 in thy place,
 Then I should joy as thou dost now, and thou
 should'st wail thy case"

BARNABE GOOGE

30 —A VOYAGE AMONG THE STARS

(FROM THE PROLOGUE TO "PETER BELL")

AWAY we go—my boat and I—
 Fiail man ne'er sat in such another,
 Whether among the winds we strive,
 Or deep into the clouds we dive,
 Each is contented with the other

Away we go—and what care we
 For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
 We are as calm in our delight
 As is the crescent-moon so bright
 Among the scattered stars

Up goes my boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her,
Up goes my little boat so bright !

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull—
We pry among them all, have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars
Such company I like it not !

The towns in Saturn are decayed
And melancholy spectres throng them —
The Pleiads that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers
But these and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours ?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be
I've left my heart at home

See ! there she is, the matchless Earth !
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean !
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the gray clouds the Alps are here
Like waters in commotion !

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands .
That silver thread the river Dnieper ,
And look where, clothed in brightest green,
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her !

And see the town where I was born !
Around those happy fields we span
In boyish gambols —I was lost
Where I have been , but on this coast
I feel I am a man

W WORDSWORTH

31 —ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing ,
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung , as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die

W SHAKSPEARE

32 —A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR
HIS HOUSE

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
 Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry,
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state,
And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat
Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small,
A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unflead,¹
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,

¹ Unpared

And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee ,
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of watercress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent ,
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet
 To be more sweet
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink
 Spiced to the brim
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one ,
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day ,
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year ,
The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine
All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart ,
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
 As wholly Thine ,
—But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee

R. HERRICK

33 —NIGHT

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine

The moon like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright ,

Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm ,
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm ,

If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep

But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying "Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold "

W BLAKE

34 —HOME THEY BROUGHT HER
WARRIOR DEAD

HOME they brought her warrior dead ,
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry ,
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die "

E

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend, and noblest foe ,
Yet she neither spoke nor moved

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face ,
Yet she neither moved nor wept

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee ,
Like summer tempest came her tears—
" Sweet my child, I live for thee "

TENNYSON

35 —THE IVY GREEN

O a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ,
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green

Fast he steals on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he ,
How closely he twineth, how close he clings
To his friend the huge Oak Tree !

And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past,
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green '
C DICKENS

36 —THE UNGENTLE GUEST

ONE silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested

"Who's that," said I, "beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?"
"Cast off," said he, "all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye

THE UNGENTLE GUEST

"For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have sweivèd,
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half-starvèd "

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted ,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too, which did shiver ,
And looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
And dried his drooping tresses

But when he felt him warmed,
"Let's try this bow of ours
And string, if they be harmed,"
Said he, "with these late showers "

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying,
"Adieu, mine host, adieu !
I'll leave thy heart a-dying "

R HERRICK

37 —SILVIA

WHO is Silvia ? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair and wise is she ,
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excellèd ,
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling
 To her let us garlands bring
 W SHAKSPEARE

38 —KALLUNDBORG CHURCH

“BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea
 A church as stately as church may be,
 And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,”
 Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snaie

And the Baron laughed But Esbern said,
 “Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed”
 And off he strode, in his pride of will,
 To the Troll¹ who dwelt in Ulshoi hill

¹ An earth-demon

"Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea ,
Build it stately and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the hills, O man, for naught
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon"
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon"

By night and by day the Troll worked on ,
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone ,
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray ,
In vain he called on the Elle-maids¹ shy,
And the Neck² and the Nis² gave no reply

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumour ran through the country-side ,
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare

And now the church was well-nigh done ,
One pillar it lacked, and one alone ,
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art"
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

¹ Elf-maids

² Water-demons

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole ,
Before him the church stood large and fair
" I have buildd my tomb," said Esbern Snare

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side
" O Esbern Snare !" a sweet voice said,
" Would I might die now in thy stead !"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong
He held her fast, and he held her long ,
With the beating heart of a bird afraid
She hid her face in his flame-red beard

" O love !" he cried, "let me look to-day
In thine eyes, ere mine are plucked away ,
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart,
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

" I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me !"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art ,
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
 Of a Troll-wife singing underground
 "To-morrow comes Fine, father thine,
 Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !

"Lie still, my darling ! next sunrise
 Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes !"
 "Ho ! ho !" quoth Esbern, "is that your game ?
 Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name !"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
 To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone
 "Too late, Gaffer Fine !" cried Esbern Snare,
 And Troll and pillar vanished in air !

That night the harvesters heard the sound
 Of a woman sobbing underground,
 And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
 Of the careless singer who told his name

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune ¹
 By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon,
 And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
 Scolding his wife in Ulshol hill

And seaward over its groves of birch
 Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
 Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
 Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare !

J G WHITTIER

¹ An old northern alphabet Here used of a song
 written in Runic characters

39 —HARK, HARK ' THE LARK

HARK, hark ' the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise
Arise, arise

W SHAKSPEARE

40 —CAN I SEE ANOTHER'S WOE

CAN I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too ?
Can I see another's grief
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear
And not feel my sorrow's share ?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear ?
No, no ! never can it be !
Never, never can it be !

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small birds' grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast ?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tears on infant's tear ?

And not sit both night and day
Wiping all our tears away ?
Oh no ! never can it be !
Never, never can it be !

He doth give His joy to all ,
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too

Think not thou canst sigh and sigh,
And thy Maker is not by ,
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near

Oh ! He gives to us His joy
That our grief He may destroy ,
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan

W BLAKE

41 —O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD
BLAST

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Of earth and air, of earth and an,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The only jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen
R BURNS

42 —ALICE BRAND

I

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
Where the mavis¹ and merle² are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in
cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing

¹ Thrush

² Blackbird

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you ,
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,¹
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away"—

"O Richard, if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance,
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance

"If pall² and van³ no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand "

¹ Sword

² Fine cloth

³ Fur

II

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing,
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned ¹ within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill

“ Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen ?
Or who comes here to chase the deer
Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green ?

“ Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man ,
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban

“ Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye ,
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die ”

III

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the buds have stilled their singing ,

¹ Dwelt

The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands"

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer"—

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood '
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand "

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine

"And I conjure thee, Demon Elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here '"

IV

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing

“ And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December’s beam
Can dart on ice and snow

“ And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape

“ It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And ’twixt life and death was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower

“ But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould—
As fair a form as thine ”

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave ,
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The daiker grew the cave

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ,
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and meile are singing,
But meiner were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing

W SCOTT

43 —THE DEATH OF ADONIS¹

VENUS by Adonis' side
Crying kissed and kissing cried ,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there

"Stay," quoth she, "O stay and live '
Nature surely doth not give
To the Earth her sweetest flowers,
To be seen but some few hours '"

On his face, still as he bled,
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kissed or wiped away,
Else had drowned him where he lay

"Fair Proserpina,"² quoth she,
"Shall not have thee yet from me,
Nor thy soul to fly begin,
While my lips can keep it in "

Here she closed again And some
Say Apollo would have come
To have cured his wounded limb,
But that she had smothered him

W BROWNE

¹ Adonis, beloved by Venus, was killed by a boar while hunting

² Proserpina was the Queen of Hades

44 —TYROLESE EVENING HYMN

COME to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ,
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done

The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us is given
 By the cool soft evening hours

Sweet is the hour of rest !
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie ,

When the burden and the heat
 Of labour's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door

Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone,
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done

Yes, tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs ,
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows

But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever nightfall gave,

Our yearning hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave

There shall no tempest blow,
 No scorching noon-tide heat,
 There shall be no more snow,
 No weary, wandering feet

So we lift our trusting eyes
 From the hills our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God

F HEMANS

45 —CUPID AND THE BEE

(FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON)

CUPID in a bed of roses
 Sleeping, chanced to be stung
 Of a bee that lay among
 The flowers, where he himself reposes
 And thus to his mother weeping
 Told that he this wound did take
 Of a little wingèd snake,
 As he lay securely sleeping
 Cytherea¹ smiling said,
 That if so great sorrow spring
 From a silly bee's weak sting,
 As can make thee thus dismayed,
 What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,
 Whom thy empoisoned arrows cause complain?

OLD MADRIGAL

¹ Venus, from Cythera, where she was worshipped

46 —THE FUNERAL AT SEA

DEEP mists hung o'er the mariner's grave,
When the holy funeral rite was read,
And every breath on the dark-blue wave
Seemed hushed, to hallow the friendless dead

And heavily heaved on the gloomy sea
The ship that sheltered that homeless one,
As though her funeral-hour should be
When the waves were still and the winds were
gone

And there he lay in his coarse cold shroud,
And strangers were round the coffinless,
Not a kinsman was seen among the crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless

No sound from the church's passing bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away to tell
Where the mariner lies in his lasting sleep

Not a whisper then lingered upon the air,—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent,
But the plunging sound of the dead was there,
And the ocean is now his monument !

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breathed and shed in the hours to
come,
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died far, far from his happy home !

H J FINN

47 —SOLDIER, REST

SOLDIER, rest ' thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking
In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing
Soldier, rest ' thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping
W SCOTT

48 —THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal

You were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;
O we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean ,
We'll meet and aye be fair
 In the land o' the leal
CAROLINE, LADY NAIRN

49 —THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S
NEST

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass ,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face

She has thrown her bonnet by ,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech ,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future within reach '

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth " I will have a lover
Riding on a steed of steeds '
He shall love me without guile ,
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds

“ And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death

“ And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind '
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward in a pleasure,
Till the shepherds look behind

“ But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face '
He will say, ‘ O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in ,
And I kneel here for thy grace ’

“ Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, ‘ Rise, and go '
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand ’

“ Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Nathless, maiden-brave, ‘ Farewell '
I will utter, and dissemble—
‘ Light to-morrow with to-day ’

"Then he will ride through the hills,
 To the wide world past the river,
 There to put away all wrong,
 To make straight distorted wills,—
 And to empty the broad quiver
 Which the wicked bear along

"Three times shall a young foot-page
 Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
 And kneel down beside my feet—
 'Lo' my master sends this gage,
 Lady, for thy pity's counting
 What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
 A white rosebud for a guerdon,
 And the second time, a glove,
 But the third time—I may bend
 From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
 If he comes to take my love'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
 Then my lover will ride faster,
 Till he kneeleth at my knee
 'I am a duke's eldest son'
 Thousand serfs do call me master,—
 But, O Love, I love but *thee*!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
 Then, and lead me as a lover
 Through the crowds that praise his deeds
 And when soul-tied by one tie,
 Unto *him* I will discover
 That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
 Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
 Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
 And went homeward, round a mile,
 Just to see, as she did daily,
 What more eggs were with the two

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
 Winding by the stream, lighthearted,
 Where the osier pathway leads,
 Past the boughs she stoops—and stops
 Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
 And a rat had gnawed the reeds

Ellie went home sad and slow
 If she found the lover ever,
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,
 Sooth I know not, but I know
 She could show him never—never,
 That swan's nest among the reeds!
 E B BROWNING

50—SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 O sweet content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
 O punishment!
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour beais a lovely face,
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow,
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings as a year ago

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze,
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brook-side my brow and throat

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year,
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near

I can see it all now,—the slant-wise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went dearly singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black

Trembling, I listened the summer sun
Had the chill of snow,
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day
Haply her blind old grandsue sleeps
The fret of his pain and his age away "

But her dog whined low on the doorway sill
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat, and the chore-gul still
Sang to the bees stealing out and in

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on,—
Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !
Mistress Mary is dead and gone !

J G WHITTIER

52 —THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy

While o'er their heads the hazels hing
The little birdies blithely sing,

Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy

The braes ascend like lofty wa's
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, meets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the Birks of Aberfeldy

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy ?

R BURNS

53 —AMIENS' SONGS

I

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather

II

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude,
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude
 Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ·
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
 Then heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not
 Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
 Then heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly

W SHAKSPEARE

54 —THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNA-
CHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on
the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen,
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
chill,
And then hearts but once heaved, and for ever
grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
 mail,
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
 sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !
BYRON

55—THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my lady rideth !
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth
 As she goes all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty,
 And enamoured, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would
 ride

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth !
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth !
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother

Than words that soothe her !
 And from her arched brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
 Before rude hands have touched it ?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it ?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
 Or swan's down ever ?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar ?
 Or the nard¹ in the fire ?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
 O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !
 BEN JONSON

56 — THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time,
 Some with massive deeds and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme

Nothing useless is, or low,
 Each thing in its place is best,
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

¹ Spikenard
 G

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled ,
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build

Truly shape and fashion these ,
Leave no yawning gaps between ,
Think not because no man sees
Such things will remain unseen

In the elder days of Ait
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ,
For the Gods see everywhere

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ,
Make the house where Gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time ,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb

Build to-day then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ,
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky

H W LONGFELLOW

57 —OUR VILLAGE

BY A VILLAGER

OUR village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's
Village, but our village of Bullock's Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak
pollards, two elders, and a withy,
And in the middle there's a green, of about not
exceeding an acre and a half,
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows,
six ponies, three horses, five asses, two foals,
seven pigs and a calf,—
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a sort
of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three
ganders, two dead dogs, four drowned kittens,
and twelve geese
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does
famous for bowling when the little village
boys play at cricket;
Only some horse or pig or cow, or great jackass,
is sure to come and stand right before the
wicket
There is fifty-five private houses, let alone barns
and workshops, and pigsties, and poultry huts
and such-like sheds,
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one
Green Man, three Bunches of Grapes, one
Crown, and six King's Heads
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only
one that for love or money can raise

A postillion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackle "neat post-chaise !"

There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,

Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold little Methodist chapel of ease ,

And close by the churchyard, there's a stonemason's yard, that when the time is seasonable Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble arms and cherubims, very low and reasonable

There's a cage comfortable enough , I've been in it with old Jack Jefferay and Tom Pike ,

For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or anything else you like

I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post ,

But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse as is always there almost

There's a smithy of course where that queer sort of a chap in his way, old Joe Bradley,

Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly

There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by the widow of Mr Task ,

But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of everything you ask

You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask ,

There are six empty houses and not so well papered inside as out,

For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election placards all about

That's the doctor's with a green door, where the
garden pots in the window is seen ,
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a
dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five
black leaves and one green
As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honey-
suckles and jasmynes, you may go and
whistle ,
But the tailor's front garden grows two cabbages,
a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandel-
ions and a thistle
There are three small orchards—Mr Busby's the
schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear , one plum, and
an apple that every year is stripped by a thief
There's another small day-school too, kept by the
respectable Mrs Gaby,
A select establishment for six little boys and one
big, and four little girls and a baby ,
There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange
odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other
Christian sort of folks ,
There's a barber's once a week well filled with
rough black-bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and
two masculine ladies' in false curls ,
There's a butcher, and a carpenter and a plumber,
and a small greengrocer and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday , and there's a
sexton that's a coal merchant besides, and an
undertaker ,
And a toy shop, but not a whole one, for a village
can't compare with the London shops ,

One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats,
 Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and
 hops
 And Mrs Brown, in domestic economy not to be
 a bit behind her betters,
 Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-
 catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's
 the post-office for letters
 Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from
 end to end, save and except one more house,
 But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never
 shall—and that's the village Poor House '
T HOOD

58 —HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest '
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung ,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ,
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there '
W COLLINS

59 —THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jungling and the tinkling of the bells

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in time,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the morn !
O from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !
How it dwells

On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
 fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon
 O the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ,
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
 bells—
 Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells '

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells '
What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels '
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone '
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan
And the people—ah ! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls
And their king it is who tolls ,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells '
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells '
 And he dances and he yells ,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells ,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells
E A POE

60 —THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
 powered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part,
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of
heart

“Stay—stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and
worn!”

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T CAMPBELL

61 —THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
 " If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well "
She replies, in accents fainter,
 " There is none I love like thee "
He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she
He to lips that fondly falter
 Presses his without reproof
Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof
" I can make no marriage present,
 Little can I give my wife
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life "
They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand
Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land
From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
" Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell "
So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers ,

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state
All he shows her makes him dearer
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days
O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ,
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ,
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine"
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin

As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
And she murmured, "O that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest

TENNYSON

62 —SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire !
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long

J MILTON

63 —TO FIDELE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and guls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great ,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke
 Care no more to clothe and eat ,
 To thee the reed is as the oak
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ,
 Fear not slander, censure rash ,
 Thou hast finished joy and moan
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ,
 And renownèd be thy grave !
W SHAKSPEARE

64 —KING VOLMER AND ELSIE

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones
 of the Horg,
 In its little Christian city stands the church of
 Vordingborg,
 In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his
 power,
 As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his
 tower

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and
faithful squire

“Dar’st tust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy
desire ?”

“Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee”

Loud laughed the King “To-morrow shall bring
another day,

When I myself will test her she will not say me
nay”

Thereat the lords and gallants that round about
him stood

Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as
courtiers should

The gray lark sings o’er Vordingboig, and on the
ancient town

From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose
looks down

The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind
of morn,

The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare
of hunter’s horn

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and
spins,

And, singing with the early birds, her daily task
begins

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her
garden-bower,

But she is sweeter than the mint, and fairer than
the flower

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly,
and, white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small
round wrists in sight,
Below, the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a
wheel

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sun-
shine warm,
But look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades
it with her arm
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of
dog and horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling
down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume
streamed gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held
their way,
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden
spur on heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden
checked her wheel

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed
for thee!"
What noble knight was this? what words for
modest maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and
fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel ; she fain would
 seek the door,
 Trembling in every limb, her cheeks with blushes
 crimsoned o'er
 "Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart
 and hand,
 Bear witness these good Danish knights who round
 about me stand

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as
 you may,
 For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another
 day "
 He spoke the old phrase shily, as glancing round
 his train,
 He saw his merry followers seek to hide their
 smiles in vain

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of
 golden hair,
 I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you
 wear ,
 All precious gems shall twine your neck , and in a
 chariot gay
 You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds
 of gray

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play,
 and brazen lamps shall glow,
 On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances
 to and fro,
 At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall
 shine,
 While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink
 the blood-red wine "

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer
face to face ,
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip
found place
Back from her low white forehead the curls of
gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear
and blue

“ I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight ,
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and
turn to slight
If you would wed me, henceforth be a peasant,
not a lord ,
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and
trusty sword ”

“ To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadal
away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow
your father's hay ”
“ Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can
never bear ,
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you
must wear ”

“ Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,” the rider
gaily spoke,
“ And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet
cloak ”
“ But mark,” she said, “ no stately horse my
peasant love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he
must guide ”

The knight looked down upon his steed "Well,
 let him wander free ,
 No other man must ride the horse that has been
 backed by me
 Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen
 talk,
 If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk "

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine,
 and flask, and can ,
 The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant
 man "
 "Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of
 thine,
 And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my
 generous wine "

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign
 and boss,
 Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly
 knee across
 And pull me down your castle from top to basement
 wall,
 And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of
 your hall "

Then smiled he with a lofty pride right well at
 last he knew
 The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her
 troth-plight true
 "Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act your part full
 well
 You know that I must bear my shield and in my
 castle dwell !

“The lions ramping on that shield between the
 hearts aflame,
Keep watch o’er Denmark’s honour, and guard
 her ancient name
For know that I am Volmer, I dwell in yonder
 towers,
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this
 goodly home of ours !

“I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your heart I know
 is true
Would God that all our maidens were good and
 pure as you !
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall
 well repay
God’s peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow will bring
 another day ”

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good
 steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his
 gallant men
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path, again on
 winds of morn
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare
 of hunter’s horn.

“Thou true and ever faithful ! ” the listening
 Henrik cried,
And, leaping o’er the green hedge, he stood by
 Elsie’s side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from
 afar,
The Golden Goose that watched them from the
 tower of Valdemar

O darling girls of Denmark¹ of all the flowers
that throng
Her vales of Spring the fairest, I sing for you my
song
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's
skill,
Thank God¹ of maids like Elsie the land has
plenty still

J G WHITTIER

5 —AN EASTER SONG

I GOT me flowers to straw¹ Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree,
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee

The sun arising in the East,
Though he give light and th' East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss
There is but one, and that one ever

G HERBERT

¹ Strew

66 —LORD RONALD

“ O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son ?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man ? ”
“ I hae been to the wood , mother, make my bed
soon,
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain would lie
down ”

“ Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son ?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young
man ? ”
“ I dined wi’ my love , mother, make my bed soon,
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain would lie
down ”

“ What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son ?
What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man ? ”
“ I gat eels boiled in broo , mother, make my bed
soon,
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain would lie
down ”

“ And where are your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald,
my son ?
And where are your bloodhounds, my handsome
young man ? ”
“ O they swelled and they died , mother, make my
bed soon,
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain would lie
down ”

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Ronald, my son '
 O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young
 man '"
 "O yes, I am poisoned ' mother, make my bed
 soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie
 down "

OLD BALLAD

67 —FANCY

TELL me where is fancy¹ bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourishèd ?
 Reply, reply
 It is engendered in the eyes,
 With gazing fed , and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies`
 Let us all ring fancy's knell
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell
 W SHAKSPEARE

68' —THE MOTHER'S DREAM

I'd a dream to-night
 As I fell asleep,
 O the touching sight
 Makes me still to weep

¹ Love

Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Ay, the child I had,
But was not to keep

As in Heaven high
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight,
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had
O it did not burn,
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half-turned about,
"Your tears put it out,
Mother, never mourn"

W BARNES

69.—HOHENLINDEN¹

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser,² rolling rapidly

¹ A forest near Munich The battle was fought between the French and Austrians, Dec. 2, 1800

² The Danube.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy

The combat deepens On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet.
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre

T CAMPBELL

70 —THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West
Away to the West as the sun went down ,
Each thought on the woman who loved him the
best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town ,
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown,
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands
For those who will never come back to the
town ,
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning
C KINGSLEY

71 —SHEPHERDS' SONGS

I —MORNING

SEE, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire, the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit,
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

* * * *

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep !
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still
Up, ye lazy grooms,¹ and fill
Bag and bottle for the field !
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lays² longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day,
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay
So unfold, and then away !

¹ Men.

² Lies

II —EVENING

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is ,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus¹ down calling
The dead night from underground ,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom ,
Therefore from such danger, lock
Every one his lovèd flock ,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks
To secure yourselves from these
Be not too secure in ease ,
Let one eye his watches keep
While the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove
And for ever hold the love

¹ The evening star

Of our great God Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids ! So farewell !
Thus I end my evening's knell

FLETCHER

72 —TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ,
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you ,
We have as short a spring ,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything
We die

As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain ,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again

R HERRICK

73 —ELSIE'S GHOSTS OR, ASLEEP
OVER LESSONS

SHE hears, entranced, sweet Shakspeare read by
mother,
Then sings soft rimes to please her nurse's brother,
Too late bethinks her of her task to-morrow,
And, all in vain, an hour from sleep would borrow
On Euclid's self her weary head reposes,
And ghostly mutterings haunt her while she dozes

First Voice

Come, learn of me the quality of mercy, and the
polity of fancies, and the jollity
Of Falstaff and his crew,
The sorrows of Ophelia, and the constancy of
Celia, and the splendour of Cordelia,
And the Taming of a Shrew

Second Voice

'Twill duty and hilarity I own I show disparity
yet pardon, of your charity,
My merriment of soul;
For, by demonstration ocular (no need of a bin-
ocular), I'll prove I am the jocular
Original King Cole

Third Voice

Who'll buy my hydrostatics, conic sections, and
quadratics, all kinds of mathematics
Theoretic and applied?

Epicyles and ellipses, computation of eclipses,
 statistics of the Gipsies,
 And a hundred things beside ?

Chorus of Voices

All things by us are teachable, our learning's un-
 impeachable, we soar to spheres unreachable
 Of transcendental height,
 So, offering you facility to judge of our ability, we
 beg with all civility
 To wish you now good-night

"Good-night!" she said, and woke to face the
 chaffing
 Of Ned, who dubbed her "dunce", but Elsie,
 laughing,—
 "You know your books' *outside*, page, word, and
 letter,
 But not the Ghosts behind them I know better!"
 ANON

74 — TO HIS LOVE

MY dear and only Love! I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I'll never love thee more

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone

My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch
 To gain or lose it all

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen
 And glorious by my sword
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ,
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more
 J GRAHAME (MARQUIS OF MONTROSE)

75 —UPON A BANK WITH ROSES

UPON a bank with roses set about,
 Where turtles ¹ oft sit joining bill to bill,
 And gentle springs steal softly murmuring out,
 Washing the foot of Pleasure's sacred hill,—
 There little Love sore wounded lies,
 His bow and arrows broken,
 Bedewed with tears from Venus' eyes ·
 O, grievous to be spoken ¹

* * * *

His hearse ² shall be a mournful cypress shade,
 His dirge sad Philomela's sweetest lay
 And prayer shall constantly be made
 By pilgrim lovers passing by that way

M DRAYTON

¹ Turtle-doves

² Grave.

76 —HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ,
I galloped, Duck galloped, we galloped all three
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ,
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ,
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast

Not a word to each other , we kept the great
pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing
our place ,
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the
bit ,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit

'Twas moonset' at starting, but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear ,
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ,
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ,
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time !"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray,

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
 bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
 track,

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
 askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
 anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
 spur!"

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the
 quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and stagger-
 ing knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky,
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
 like chaff,

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

“How they’ll greet us!”—and all in a moment
his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the full weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let
fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood

And all I remember is friends flocking round

As I sat with his head ’twixt my knees on the
ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good
news from Ghent

R BROWNING

77 —AN ENIGMA

UNCOUTH was I of face and form,
 But strong to blast and blight,
 By pestilence or thunderstorm,
 By famine or by fight,
 Not a warrior went to the battle-plain,
 Not a pilot steered the ship,
 That did not look in doubt and pain,
 For an omen of havoc or hurricane,
 To my dripping brow and lip

Within my Second's dark recess
 In silent pomp I dwelt,
 Before the mouth in lowliness
 My rude adorers knelt,
 And ever the shriek rang loud within,
 And ever the red blood ran,
 And amid the sin, and smoke and din,
 I sat with a changeless endless grin,
 Forging my Fiist for man

My priests are rotting in their grave,
 My shrine is silent now,
 There is no victim in my cave,
 No crown upon my brow,
 Nothing is left but dust and clay
 Of all that was divine,
 My name and my memory pass away,—
 And yet this bright and glorious day
 Is called by mortals mine!

W M PRAED

78 —THE SINGING LEAVES

I

“WHAT fairings will ye that I bring ?”
Said the King to his daughters three ,
“For I to Vanity Fair am boun ¹
Now say, what shall they be ?”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand
“O, bring me pearls and diamonds great
And gold rings for my hand ”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red .
“For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head ”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown .

“There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves ’”

Then the brow of King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn
“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ,

¹ Bound

“But she like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves !”
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy Leaves ”

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“O, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me !”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again

“O where shall I find a little foot-page,
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon ?”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran
“ Now pledge ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

“ That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate ”

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be
“ 'Twill be my dog,” he thought, and said,
“ My faith I plight to thee ”

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
“ Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein ”

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “ Welcome, father ! ” she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne

“ Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,
“ And woe ! but they cost me dear ”
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain

And the first Leaf when it was opened
Sang, "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage "

And the second Leaf sang, "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee "

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine ! be mine !"
And ever it sang, "Be mine !"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine ! thine ! thine !"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she ,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore "

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and ¹ broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

J R LOWELL

¹ From old English *butan*, besides

79 —A BRIDAL SONG

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ,
 Maiden pinks, of odour faint ,
 Daisies, smell-less, yet most quaint ,
 And sweet thyme true ,

Pumrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry spring-time's harbinger ,
 With hair-bells¹ slim ,
 Ox-lips, in their cradles growing ,
 Marigolds, on death-beds blowing ,
 Lark's-heels trim ,

All dear Nature's children sweet
 Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense
 Not an angel of the air,
 Bird melodious or bird fair,
 Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous, cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,²
 Nor chattering pie,
 On our bird-house perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring ,
 But from it fly !

W SHAKSPEARE³

¹ Old spelling

² The jackdaw

³ Or J Fletcher But the song is in Shakspeare's manner, and has been attributed to him by good critics

80 —SHELTER

By the wide lake's margin I marked her lie—
 The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh—
 A young fair thing, with a shy, soft eye ,

And I deemed that her thoughts had flown
 To her home, and her brethren, and sisters dear,
 As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere,
 All motionless, all alone

Then I heard a voice, as of men and boys,
 And a boisterous troop drew nigh
 Whither now will retreat those fairy feet ?

Where hide till the storm pass by ?
 One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
 She cast behind her ; she gave one spring ,
 And there followed a splash, and a broadening ring
 On the lake where the alders sigh

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men !
 Yet scarce did I mourn for that ,
 For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
 And, the danger past, would appear again,
 For she—was a water-rat

C S CALVERLEY

81 —TO ALTHEA

(FROM PRISON)

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates ,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ,

When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ,
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ,
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ,
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty

R LOVELACE

82 —THE OWL CRITIC

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke
in the shop
The barber was busy, and he couldn’t stop,
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt
question,
Not one raised his head or e’en made a suggestion
And the barber kept on shaving

“Don’t you see, Mr Brown,”
Cried the youth with a frown,
“How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head, how jammed down the
neck is,
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis!
I make no apology.
I’ve learnt owl-eology,
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his head to his tail
Mr Brown, Mr Brown,
Do take the bird down,
Or you’ll soon be the laughing-stock over the
town!”
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night-fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed,
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so

I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !

Mr Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !

To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness,
The man who stuffed him doesn't half know his
business !"

And the barber kept on shaving

"Examine those eyes !
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass,
So unnatural they seem,

THE OWL CRITIC

They'd make Audubon¹ scream
And John Burroughs¹ laugh
To encounter such chaff
Do take that bird down,
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
A bird better than that!
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather!
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather"

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say,
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way!
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray
I'm an owl you're another Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber went on shaving

J. FIELDS

¹ Names of American naturalists.

83 —CA' THE YOWES TO THE
KNOWES

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie !

Hark the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang !
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ,
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart
I can die—but canna pait—
My bonnie dearie !

R BURNS

84 — TO FLUSH, MY DOG

LOVING friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith hath run
Through thy lower nature,
Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature !

Like a lady's ringlets brown
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest
Of thy body purely

Darkly brown thy body is
Till the sunshine, striking this,
Alchemise its dulness,—
When the sleek curls manifold
Flash all over into gold,
With a burnished fulness

Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland
Kindling, growing larger,
Up thou leapest with a spring,
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger

Leap ! thy broad tail waves a light ,
Leap ! thy slender feet are bright,
 Canopied in fringes ,
Leap ! those tasselled ears of thine
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
 Down their golden inches

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
 That I praise thy rareness
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears,
 And this glossy fairness

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
 Day and night unwearied,—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
 Round the sick and dreary

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
 Beam and breeze resigning ,
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone
 Love remains for shining

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares, and followed through
 Sunny moor or meadow ,
This dog only crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
 Sharing in the shadow

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
 Up the woodside hieing,
This dog only watched in reach
Of a faintly-uttered speech
 Or a louder sighing

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
 Or a sigh came double,
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
 In a tender trouble

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
 Down his dewlaps sloping,—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After,—platforming his chin
 On the palm left open

This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blither choice
 Than such chamber-keeping,
“Come out !” praying from the door,—
Presseth backward as before,
 Up against me leaping

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
 Render praise and favour !
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
 Therefore, and for ever

And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often man or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
Leaning from my Human

Blessings on thee, dog of mine !
Pretty collars make thee fine,
Sugared milk make fat thee ,
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,
Hands of gentle motions fail
Nevermore to pat thee !

Downy pillow take thy head,
Silken coverlid bestead,
Sunshine help thy sleeping ,
No flies buzzing wake thee up,
No man break thy purple cup,
Set for drinking deep in !

Whiskered cats aointed flee,
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee
Cologne distillations ,
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,
And thy feast-day macaroons
Turn to daily rations !

Mock I thee, in wishing weal ?—
Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straitly
Blessing needs must straiten too
Little canst thou joy or do,
Thou who lovest greatly

Yet be blessèd to the height
Of all good and all delight
Pervious to thy nature,—
Only *loved* beyond that line
With a love that answers thine,
Loving fellow-creature !

E B BROWNING

85 —IN VOLHYNIA

IN Volhynia the peasant mothers—
When spring-time brings back the leaves,
And the first swallows dart and twitter
Under the cottage eaves—
Sit mute at their windows, and listen,
With eyes brimming over with tears,
To the broken sounds which are wafted
To their eager watching ears,
And throw out bread and honey
To the birds as they scintillate by,
And hearts full of yearning and longing,
Borne out on the wings of a sigh
For they think that their dear lost children,
The little ones who are gone,
Come back thus to the heart-sick mothers
Who are toiling and sorrowing on,
And those sun-lit wings and flashing
White breasts, to their tear-dimmed eyes
Bring visions of white child-angels
Floating in Paradise

And again to the sounds they hearken,
 Which grew silent while incomplete,—
 The music of childish laughter,
 The patter of baby feet ,

Till the hearts which are barren and childless,
 The homes which are empty and cold,
 The nests whence the young have departed,
 Are filled with young life as of old

Thus each spring, to those peasant mothers,
 Comes the old past again and again ,
 And those sad hearts quicken and blossom
 In a rapture of sorrowless pain

L MORRIS

86 —A DIRGE

O SING unto my roundelay,
 O drop the briny tear with me ,
 Dance no more on holiday ,
 Like a running river be
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

Black his hair as the winter night,
 White his skin as the summer snow,
 Red his face as the morning light
 Cold he lies in the grave below
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

Sweet his tongue as the thistle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabo¹, cudgel stout,—
O he lies by the willow-tree¹
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

Hark! the raven flaps his wings,
In the b¹ared dell below,
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

See! the white moon shines on high
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

With my hands I'll fix the briars
Round his holy corse to gre¹
Elfin fairies light your fires,

¹ Grow

Here my body still shall be
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree

Come, with acorn-cup and thoin,
Drain my heart's blood all away,
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,¹
Bear me to your lethal² tide
I die, I come,—my true love waits,—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

T CHATTERTON

87 —THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away,
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet !
In a voice that she will know

¹ Water-flags

“Margaret ! Margaret !”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ,
Children’s voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away ,
This way, this way !
“Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret ”
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ,
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall’d town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day ,
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ,
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt-weed sways in the stream ,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ,
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ,
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday,
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
sea,

She said "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !"
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee,"
I said "Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves !"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan,
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say,
Come !" I said, and we rose through the surf in
the bay

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled
town,
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing air
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn
 with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small
 leadcd panes
She sate by the pillar, we saw her clear
"Margaret, hst ! come quick, we are here !
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone,
The sea grows stoimy, the little ones moan"
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !
Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door
Come away, children, call no more !
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully
Hark what she sings "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street and the child with its toy,
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea,
And her eyes are set in a stare,
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder,
Lights shine in the town
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door,
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl,
Singing " Here came a mortal
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea "

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom,
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry

144 CAPTIVE KNIGHT AND THE BLACKBIRD

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ,

 For the moon never beams without bringing me
 dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ,
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
 bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea
E A POE

90 —THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT AND THE
 BLACKBIRD

(FROM THE SPANISH)

“’Tis now, they say, the month of May,—’tis
 now the morns are bright ,
 ’Tis now the maids, ’mong greenwood shades, sit
 with their loves by night ,
 ’Tis now the hearts of lovers true are glad the
 groves among ,
 ’Tis now they sit the long night through, and list
 the thrush’s song

"Woe dwells with me, in spite of thee, thou glad-
some month of May !

I cannot see what stars there be, I know not
night from day ,

There *was* a bird, whose voice I heard,—O sweet
my small bird sang !—

I heard its tune when night was gone, and up
the morning sprang

"To comfort me in darkness bound comes now
no voice of cheer ,

Long have I listened for the sound—there is no
bird to hear

Sweet bird ! he had a cruel heart, whose steel thy
bosom tore ,

A ruffian hand discharged the dart that makes
thee sing no more

"I am the vassal of my king,—it never shall be
said

That I even *hence* a curse could fling against my
liege's head ,

But if the jailor slew the merle,¹ no sin is in my
word

God look in anger on the churl that harmed my
harmless bird !

"O should some kindly Christian bring another
bird to me,

Thy tune I in his ear would sing, till he could
sing like thee ,

But were a dove within my choice, my song would
soon be o'er,

For he would understand my voice, and fly to
Leonore

¹ Blackbird

“ He would fly swiftly through the air, and though
 he could not speak,
 He'd ask a file which he could bear within his little
 beak,
 Had I a file, these fetters vile I from my wrist
 would break,
 And see right soon the fair May morn shine on
 my lady's cheek ”

It chanced while a poor captive knight, within
 yon dungeon strong,
 Lamented thus the arrow's flight that stopped his
 blackbird's song,
 (Unknown to him) the king was near, he heard
 him through the wall
 “ Nay, since he has no merle to hear, 'tis time his
 fetters fall ”

J G LOCKHART

91 —LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON

“ LOCK the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale,
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,
 The Aimstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
 The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone !

“ Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather-
 gleam ¹

See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeoman and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
 Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

¹ The sky just above the horizon

" Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ,
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed gray ,
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere ,
 Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay

" Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?
 Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger ,
 Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh "

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
 His hand grasped the sword with a nervous
 embrace
 " Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
 More gallant to meet in the fray or chase !

" Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here ,
 Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—
 Linhope and Sornie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too,
 Gentle in manners, but lions in fight !

" I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and
 Netherbie,
 Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ,
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
 Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray ! "

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green
 Liddesdale,
 Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ,

Many a bold martial eye
 Mirrored that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold
 Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warriors'
 shout,
 Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ,
 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn
 See how they wane—the proud files of the
 Windeimeie !
 Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !
 Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots' shouts ascend—
 “ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! ”

J HOGG

92 —THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ,
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land
 Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed ,
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode,
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ,
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ,
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ,
From morn to night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream ,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds,
Beside some hidden stream ,
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream

The forest, with its myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ,
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ,
 For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

H W LONGFELLOW

93 —SONG OF HESPERUS¹

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep
 Hesperus entreats thy right,
 Goddess, excellently bright

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ,
 Cynthia's ² shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver ,
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright

BEN JONSON

¹ The evening star

² The moon

94 —SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine
“ O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o’ mine ? ”

O up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the king’s right knee
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea ”

Our king has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi’ his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem ,
The king’s daughter to Noroway,
’Tis thou maun bring her hame ”

“ Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ,
The king’s daughter to Noroway,
’Tis we must bring her hame ”

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn
Wi’ a’ the speed they may ,
They hae landed safe in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud
And a' our queenis fee"

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

"For I brought as mickle white monie
As gane my men and me,—
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out-o'er the sea wi' me

"Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn "

"Now ever alake ! my master dea,
I fear a deadly storm

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ,
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm "

They hadna sailed upon the sea
A day but barely three,
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
And guily grew the sea

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall top-mast
To see if I can spy land ?"

“ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak’ the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall top-mast,—
But I fear you’ll never spy land ”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o’ our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in

“ Gae fetch a web o’ the silken clath,
Anither o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And letna the sea come in ”

They fetched a web o’ the silken clath,
Anither o’ the twine,
And they wapped them into that gude ship’s side,
But still the sea cam’ in

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their milk-white hands ,
But lang ere a’ the play was ower
They wat their gouden bands

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel’d shoon ,
But lang ere a’ the play was played
They wat their hats aboon

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi’ their fans into their hand
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
 Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet

OLD BALLAD

95 —DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
 Come and sigh, come and weep '
 Merry hours, smile instead,
 For the year is but asleep
 See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
 Mocking your untimely weeping

As an earthquake rocks a corse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So white Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks the death-cold year to-day
 Solemn hours ' wail aloud
 For your mother in her shroud

As the wild air stirs and sways
 The tree-swung cradle of a child,
 So the breath of these rude days
 Rocks the year —be calm and mild,
 Trembling hours, she will arise
 With new love within her eyes

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave,
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers
P B SHELLEY

96 —THE AGED STRANGER

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

"I WAS with Grant¹——" the stranger said,
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore"

"I was with Grant——" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I knew him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant——" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "Say no more,

¹ One of the Federal Generals in the American War of Secession (1861-1865)

"He fell in battle,—I see, alas !
 Thou'd'st smoothe these tidings o'er,—
 Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
 Though it rend thy bosom's core

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
 Upholding the flag he bore ?
 O say not that my boy disgraced
 The uniform that he wore !"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
 "And should have remarked before
 That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
 Some three years before the war "

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
 But beat with his fist full sore
 That aged man who had worked for Grant
 Some three years before the war

BRET HARTE

97 —CLEAR AND COOL

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ,
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle, and foaming weir ,
 Under the crag where the ousel¹ sings,
 And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
 Undeified, for the undeified ,
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child

¹ Here, probably, water-ousel, a bird of the thrush family.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ,
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ,
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ,
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea ,
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar ,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again
Undefiled, for the undefiled ,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child
CHARLES KINGSLEY

98 —A SWEET PASTORAL

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company

Sweet Love, begone awhile !
Thou know'st my heaviness
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock
And in the valley die !

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese ¹
And not a leaf is seen

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas ! not once afford
Recording of a note

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour ,
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights
Is but a mere deceit

And, therefore, my sweet Muse !
Thou know'st what help is best
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest ,

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end !

N BRETON

¹ Lose

99 — DRINK TO ME ONLY

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee

BEN JONSON

Like — THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
 And lances gleamed up through her citron-bowers,
 And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
 And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,
 For the Cid¹ was gone to rest

¹ The national hero of Spain, famous for his exploits
 against the Moors

There were men from wilds where the death-wind
sweeps,

There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
To the battles of the West

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred ;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave ;
But the Christians woke that night

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ,
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ,
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout

When the first went forth it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep,
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore,
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free

And the Campeador¹ came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men¹
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord,
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Not a footfall heard in the Alcazar,²
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun,
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
—And they gave no battle-shout

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-spear in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez³ come!

¹ The Cid

² The Cid's palace.

³ One of the Cid's most distinguished warriors

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud
 Had passed before, like a threatening cloud,¹
 And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
 And the Archer-Queen¹ with her bands lay slain,
 For the Cid upheld his fame

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
 And the Libyan kings who had joined his war,
 And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
 And their hands could not wield an assagay,²
 For the dreadful things they saw¹

For it seemed where Minaya³ his onset made,
 There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
 All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
 And they came like the foam of a roaring deep
 —'Twas a sight of fear and awe¹

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
 With a sword of fire, went before them all,
 With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
 And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
 He rode in the battle's van¹

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
 There was death in the giant-warrior's course¹
 Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
 Where his sword blazed out there was hurrying flight,
 For it seemed not the sword of man¹

The field and the river grew darkly red,
 As the kings and leaders of Afric fled,

¹ A Moorish Amazon

² A sort of javelin

³ The same as Alvar Fañez

There was work for the men of the Cid that day !
They were weary at eve when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Africa fled !
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread ,
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain ,
—So the Cid to his grave passed on !
F HEMANS

101 —JOHN ANDERSON

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow ,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo !

R BURNS

102 —THE CHILD LOST

WHEN evening is closing in all round,
And winds in the dark-boughed timber sound,
The flame of my candle, dazzling bright,
May shine full clear—full clear may shine,
But never can show my child to sight

And warm is the bank where boughs are still,
On timber below the windward hill,
But now, in the stead of summer hay,
Dead leaves are cast—are cast dead leaves,
Where lately I saw my child at play

And O could I see, as may be known
To angels, my little maid full grown,
As time would have made her, woman tall !
If she had lived—if lived had she,
And not have died now, so young and small

Do children that go to Heaven play ?
Are young that were gay, in Heaven gay ?
Are old people bowed by weakening time,
In Heaven bowed—all bowed in Heaven ?
Or else are they all in blissful prime ?

Yes, blest with all blessings are the blest,
Their lowest of good's above our best
So, show me the highest soul you can
In shape and mind—in mind and shape,
Yet far above him is Heaven's man.

W BARNES

103 —THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying
from far away

“Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted
fifty-three !”

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard “’Fore God, I
am no coward ,

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out
of gear,

And the half my men are sick I must fly, but
follow quick !

We are six ships of the line , can we fight with
fifty-three ?”

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville “I know you
are no coward ,

You fly them for a moment to fight with them
again

But I’ve ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore

I should count myself the coward if I left them,
my Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain ”

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven ,
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men
from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ,
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were
not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship
and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow

“ Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
Foi to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun
be set ”

And Sir Richard said again “ We be all good
English men
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of
the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil
yet ”

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared
a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of
the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
sick below ,
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the
left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on through the long
sea-lane between

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their
decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the
mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And upshadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed

And while now the great San Philip hung above
us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the
starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought her-
self and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content ,
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought
us hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land

And the sun went down, and the stars came out
far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one
and the fifty-three,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-
built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her
battle-thunder and flame,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and
so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck,
And it chanced that when half of the short summer
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be diest he had left the
deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it
suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side
and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down and the sun smiled out
far over the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round
us all in a ring,
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared
that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife,
And the sick men down in the hold were most of
them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the
powder was all of it spent,
And the masts and the rigging were lying over
the side,
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
“We have fought such a fight for a day and a
night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split
her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain !”

And the gunner said “Ay, ay,” but the seamen
made reply
“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield,
to let us go,
We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow”
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to
the foe

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace,
But he rose upon their decks and he cried
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!”
And he fell upon their decks, and he died

And they stared at the dead that had been so
valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his
English few,
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught
they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into
the deep,
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier
alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for
her own,

When a wind from the lands they had ruined
 awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to
 moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an
 earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and then
 masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
 shattered navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the
 island crags
To be lost evermore in the main

TENNYSON

104 —THE POET

WHERE'S the Poet ? show him ' show him,
Muses nine ' that I may know him
'Tis the man who with a man
Is an equal, be he king
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
Or any other wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato ,
'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren or eagle, finds his way to
All its instincts , he hath heard
The lion's roaring, and can tell
What his horny throat expresseth,
And to him the tiger's yell
Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue

J KEATS

105 —THE CHANGELING

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sunlit ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover ?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over ,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,

When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ,
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled
When I wake in the morning I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky

As weak, yet as trustful also ,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful nature
Still worked for the love of me ,
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ,
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair

J R LOWELL

106 —COYOTE¹

BLOWN out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
 Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through,
 Loth ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
 He limps in the clearing,—an outcast in gray

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
 Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
 Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
 A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray

Here, Carlo, old fellow,—he's one of your kind,—
 Go seek him, and bring him in out of the wind
 What! snarling, my Carlo! So—even dogs may
 Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray

Well, take what you will,—though it be on the sly,
 Marauding or begging,—I shall not ask why,
 But will call it a dole, just to help on his way
 A four-footed friar in orders of gray¹

BRET HARTE

107 —HERVÉ RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
 ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to
 France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
 the blue,

¹ A prairie-wolf

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St Malo on
the Rance,
With the English fleet in view

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor
in full chase ,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great
ship, Damfreville ,
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ,
And they signalled to the place,
“ Help the winners of a race ’
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us
quick—or, quicker still,
Here’s the English can and will ’”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and
leapt on board ,
“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like
these to pass ?” laughed they ,
“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river mouth by the single
narrow way,
Trust to enter where ’tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full lee-side ?
Now ’tis slackest ebb of tide
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay !”

Then was called a council straight ,
Brief and bitter the debate
“Here's the English at our heels , would you
 have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
 and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth sound ?
Better run the ships aground !”
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait !
 “ Let the captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels
 on the beach !
France must undergo her fate.

“ Give the word !” But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard ,
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck
 amid all these
—A Captain ? a Lieutenant ? a Mate,—first,
 second, third ?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete !
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour-
 ville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel, the
 Croisickese.

And, “ What mockery or malice have we here ?”
 cries Hervé Riel
 “Are you mad, you Malouins ? Aie you
 cowards, fools, or rogues ?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took
 the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell,

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the
river disembogues ?

Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the
lying's for ?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
Solidor

Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were
worse than fifty Hogues !

Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs,
believe me, there's a way

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound ,

And if one ship misbehave

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head !”
cries Hervé Riel

Not a minute more to wait

“Steer us in, then, small and great !

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !”
cried its chief

Captains, give the sailor place !

He is Admiral, in brief

Still the north-wind, by God's grace !

See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
wide sea's profound !

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock ,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" —sure
as fate,
Up the English come, too late !

So, the storm subsides to calm ,
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away !
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance !"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's
countenance !
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell !
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing !"
What a shout, and all one word,—
"Hervé Riel !"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes
Just the same man as before

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard
Praise is deeper than the lips
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse '
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still
Ask to heart's content and have ' or my name's
not Damfreville "

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what
is it but a run !
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come ! a good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
the Belle Aurore !"

That he asked and that he got,—nothing more

Name and deed alike are lost
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befel ,

Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
 wrack

 All that France saved from the fight whence
 England bore the bell
 Go to Paris rank on rank,
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank !

 You shall look long enough ere you come to
 Hervé Riel
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife
 the Belle Aurore !

R BROWNING

108 —THE STARLINGS

EARLY in spring-time, on raw and windy mornings,
 Beneath the freezing house-eaves, I heard the
 starlings sing—

“Ah, dreary March month, is this then a time for
 building wearily ?

Sad, sad, to think that the year is but begun ”

Late in the autumn, on still and cloudless evenings,
 Among the golden reed-beds I heard the starlings
 sing—

“Ah, that sweet March month, when we and our
 mates were courting merrily !

Sad, sad, to think that the year is all but done ”

C KINGSLEY

109 —ROSABELLE

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle

—“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay ,
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day

“ The blackening wave is edged with white
To inch ¹ and rock the sea-mews fly ,
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh

“ Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ,
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”—

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle ”—

¹ Island

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam,

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,—
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy, and altar's pale,
Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell,
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle

W SCOTT

110 —THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
 the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
 brown and sere .
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
 leaves lie dead ,
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
 tread ,
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
 shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all
 the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
 lately sprang and stood
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
 hood ?
 Alas ! they all are in their graves the gentle race
 of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
 good of ours ,
 The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
 November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
 ones again

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long
 ago,
 And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the
 summer glow ,

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in
 the wood,
 And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn
 beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
 falls the plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone, from
 upland, glade, and glen

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
 such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
 winter home,
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
 all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers whose
 fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
 stream no more

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
 died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded
 by my side
 In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the
 forest cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
 so brief,
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
 friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
 flowers

W C BRYANT

III —THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ,
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ,
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands ,
A voice so thrilling neer was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ,

I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending,—
I listened till I had my fill,
And when I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more
W WORDSWORTH

112 —THE REQUITAL

LOUD roared the tempest,
Fast fell the sleet,
A little Child Angel
Passed down the street,
With trailing pinions,
And weary feet.

The moon was hidden,
No stars were bright,
So she could not shelter
In Heaven that night
For the Angels' ladders
Are rays of light

She beat her wings
At each window pane,
And pleaded for shelter,
But all in vain —
"Listen," they said,
"To the pelting rain!"

She sobbed, as the laughter
And mirth grew higher,
"Give me rest and shelter
Beside your fire,
And I will give you
Your heart's desire "

The dreamer sat watching
His embers gleam,
While his heart was floating
Down hope's bright stream ,
So he wove her wailing
Into his dream

The worker toiled on,
For his time was brief ,
The mourner was nursing
Her own pale grief
They heard not the promise
That brought relief

But fiercer the tempest
Rose than before,
When the Angel paused
At a humble door,
And asked for shelter
And help once more

A weary woman,
Pale, worn, and thin,
With the brand upon her
Of want and sin,
Heard the Child Angel
And took her in

Took her in gently,
 And did her best
 To dry her pinions ,
 And made her rest
 With tender pity
 Upon her breast

When the eastern morning
 Grew bright and red,
 Up the first sunbeam
 The Angel fled ,
 Having kissed the woman
 And left her—dead

A A PROCTER

113 —AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE
 WE WENT

As through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears !
 For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kissed again with tears

TENNYSON

114 —A MAP OF ENGLAND¹

FAIR England in the bosom of the seas,
 Amid her two-and-fifty provinces,
 Sits like a glorious Empress, whose rich throne
 Great nymphs of honour come to wait upon

First in the height of bravery appears
 Kent, East and South and Middle Saxon shires,
 Next Surrey, Berkshire, and Southampton² get,
 With Dorset, Wilton, and rich Somerset,
 Then Devon, with the Cornish promontory,
 Gloucester and Worcester, fair Sabrina's³ glory¹
 Then Salop, Suffolk, Norfolk large and fair,
 Oxford and Cambridge, that thrice-learned pair¹
 Then Lincoln, Derby, Yorkshire, Nottingham,
 Northampton, Warwick, Stafford, Buckingham,
 Chester and Lancaster, with herds well stored,
 Huntingdon, Hertford, Rutland, Hereford,
 The princely Durham, Bedford, Leicester, and
 Northumber—, Cumber—, and cold Westmore-
 land

Brave English shires¹ with whom, loved equally,
 Welsh Monmouth, Radnor, and Montgomery
 Add all the glory to her train they can,
 So doth Glamorgan, Brecknock, Cardigan,
 Carnarvon, Denbigh, Merionethshire,
 With Anglesea, which o'er the sea doth rear
 Her lofty head And the first, though last,

¹ The author, having to wait in a friend's dining-room,
 amused himself with a map of England which he found there

² Hampshire

³ The Severn

Flint, Pembroke, and Caermarthen might be
placed

For all of these unto their power maintain
Their mistress, England, with a royal train
Yea, for supporters, at each hand hath she
The Wight and Man, that two brave islands be.

From these I to the Scottish Nymphs had
journeyed,

But that my friend was back again returnèd,
Who, having kindly brought me to his home,
Alone did leave me in his dining-room,
Where I was fain (and glad I had the hap !)
To beg an entertainment of his Map

G WITHER

115 —THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara,¹
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow

¹ Famous for its white marble here, snow

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ,
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow ?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe

And again to the child I whispered
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall !"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow

J R LOWELL

116 —GIRLS' NAMES

IN Christian world MARY the garland wears ,
 REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear ,
 Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more dear ,
 And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears
 Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines !
 What air of fragrance ROSAMUND throws around !
 How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound !
 Of MARTHAS and of ABIGAILS, few lines
 Have bragged in verse Of coarsest household
 stuff
 Should homely JOAN be fashioned But can
 You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN ?
 And is not CLARE for love excuse enough ?
 Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
 These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less
 C LAMB

117 —SONG OF THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern ,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley

 By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges ,
 By twenty thorps,¹ a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges

¹ Villages

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river ,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles ,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak,
Above the golden gravel ;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots ,
I slide by hazel covers ,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ,
I linger by my shingly bars ,
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river ,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever

TENNYSON

, 118 —THE OX TAMER

IN a faraway northern county, in the placid,
pastoral region,
Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative,
a famous Tamer of Oxen
There they bring him the three-year-olds and the
four-year-olds, to break them ,
He will take the wildest steer in the world, and
break him and tame him ,
He will go fearless, without any whip, where the
young bullock chafes up and down the yard ,

The bullock's head tosses restless high in the air,
with raging eyes ,
Yet, see you ! how soon his rage subsides—how
soon this Tamer tames him
See you ! on the farms hereabout, a hundred oxen,
young and old—and he is the man who has
tamed them
They all know him—all are affectionate to him ,
See you ! some are such beautiful animals—so
lofty-looking !
Some are buff-coloured—some mottled—one has
a white line running along his back—some
are brindled—
Some have wide flaring horns (a good sign) , see
you ! the bright hides ,
See, the two with stars on their foreheads , see,
the round bodies and broad backs ,
See, how straight and square they stand on their
legs , see what fine, sagacious eyes ,
See, how they watch their Tamer—they wish him
near them—how they turn to look after him !
What yearning expression ! How uneasy they are
when he moves away from them !
—Now I marvel what it can be he appears to
them (books, politics, poems, depart—all else
departs) ,
I confess I envy only his fascination—my silent,
illiterate friend,
Whom a hundred oxen love, there in his life on
farms,
In the northern county far, in the placid, pastoral
region

WALT WHITMAN

119 —THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS
SHAY"

HAVE you heard of the wonderful One-Hoss Shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day ?
And then of a sudden it—ah ! but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five ,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive !—
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down ,
And Braddock's ¹ army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown
It was on that terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the One-Hoss Shay

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace—lurking still
Find it somewhere, you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without ;
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*

¹ The Commander-in-chief of the British forces in
America during the war with France

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou,")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'N' the keounty 'n' the kentry raoun',
 It should be built so that it couldn't break
 daown

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain,
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 To make that place uz strong uz the rest "

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills,
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills,
 The crossbais were ash, from the straightest
 trees,

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs from logs from the "Settler's Ellum,"
 Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
 Never an axe had seen the chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips,
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and lynch-pin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue,
 Thorough-brace bison-skin, thick and wide,
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
 Found in the pit where the tanner died
 That was the way he "put her through"
 "There," said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away ,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old One-Hoss Shay,
 As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day !

Eighteen hundred—it came, and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
 "Hahnsum Kerridge" they called it then
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
 Running as usual—much the same
Thirty and *forty* at last arrive ,
 And then came *fifty*—and *fifty-five*

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth
 (This is a moral that runs at large ,
 Take it—you're welcome—no extra charge)

First of November—the Earthquake day—
 There are traces of age in the One-Hoss Shay—
 A general flavour of mild decay—
 But nothing local, as one may say
 There couldn't be, for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,

And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And the spring and axle and hub *encore*,
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be worn out

First of November, 'Fifty-five !

This morning the parson takes a drive
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful One-Hoss Shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay
"Hiddup !" said the parson—off went they !

The parson was working his Sunday text ,
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped, perplexed
At what, in the world, was coming next
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n' house on the hill
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill ,
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n' house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !
What do you think the parson found
When he got up and stared around ?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst
End of the wonderful One-Hoss Shay !
Logic is Logic. That's all I say

O W HOLMES

120.—TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE newcomer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice .
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ,

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to , that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ,
And thou wert still a hope, a love ,
Still longed for, never seen

And I can listen to thee yet ,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee !

W. WORDSWORTH

121 —POETRY

(BY A POET IN PRISON)

THOUGH I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields ,
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel ,
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last
But remembrance (poor relief)
That more makes than mends my grief
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre¹ Envy's evil will
(Whence she should be driven too,
Were 't in mortal's power to do)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace ,

¹ In spite of (*malgré*).

And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight
By the murmur of a spring
Or the least bough's rusteling ,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed ,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness
The dull liveness, the black shade
That those hanging vaults have made ,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves ,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight ;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this

Poesie, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent !
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts can not conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee !
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of sadness
If I love not thy madd'st fits
Above all their greatest wits !
And though some too seeming holy
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them

G WITHER

122 —PEACE

My soul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry,
All skilful in the wars ;
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files
He is thy gracious Friend ,
And (O my soul awake !)

Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake
 If thou canst but get thither,
 There grows the flower of peace ,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress, and thy ease
 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure,
 But One who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure !
H VAUGHAN

123 —THE RIDER AND THE BODENSEE¹

AFTER THE GERMAN OF G SCHWAB

HE rides through the valley, that basks in light ,
 The snows behind him are gleaming bright ,
 The snows at his feet have a deathly chill,
 But his haste is hot, and he rides with a will
 For the bark that must bear him, ere close of day,
 From shore to shore of the Bodensee

The road is rough with briar and stone,
 But his steed is strong, and he spurs him on,
 Till they pass from the hills to the level land,
 Where the snow lies stretched like the smooth sea-
 sand

Behind him are village and hamlet flown,
 Broad and bare is his pathway grown ,
 Nor rock nor tree, in the wide expanse,
 Nor homestead, fixes his eager glance

¹ Lake of Constance (pron, *Bodensay*)

Onward still, leagues two and three,—
 Above him the snow-brant screams in glee,
 The moor-hen flutters her wings in fear,
 No nearer sound is borne to his ear,
 No traveller's voice, as the sun sinks low,
 To point him a path through the trackless snow
 On, on, like a dream—O when will he wake
 To the rush of the water, the gleam of the Lake?

Onward still, through the early night,
 Till there shines before him a glimmering light,
 And, dimly seen in the circling gloom,
 Hills and trees through the night-mist loom
 The road is rough with briar and stone,
 But he spurs his steed, and he hastens on;
 And dogs bark loud as his step they hear,
 And light glows warm from a cottage near

“Come here to the window, child, and say
 How far is it still from the Bodensee?”
 And the child made answer with wondering eye,
 “The Lake and the boat behind thee lie!”
 And, were it not crusted with ice and snow, •
 I should say, from the boat thou hadst come but
 now.”

Then the stranger started with fear and pain,—
 “But now have I ridden o'er yonder plain!”
 O wildly she looked and wildly spake,—
 “Nay, Heaven! then rodest thou over the Lake!
 Thy horse's hoof in his folly hath hit
 The crust that covers the bottomless pit!
 And thou heard'st not the waters hiss below,
 Nor the ice break downward where thou didst go?
 And thou wast not the prey of the things that creep,
 Of the Pike that ravins in that cold deep?”

She calls to the village to hear the tale,

The lads, with faces eager and pale,
 The mothers and old men assemble round,—
 "Esteem thyself happy, thou lost and found !
 Come in to the hearth, to the steaming dish,
 And break of the bread, and eat of the fish !"

But the rider is dumb with a deadly fear,—
 The first word only has reached his ear,
 It chills his heart, and it chokes his breath—
 The grisly face of that unknown Death !
 His eye sees only the wide, black grave,
 His soul sinks low in the gurgling wave,
 In his ear is a crash as when ice-clods break,
 Around him the arms of the cold, cold Lake

And he fell from his steed with a last, long sigh
 And the grave that they dug him was narrow and
 diy

ANON

124 —AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS
 REDINTEGRATIO

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have
 slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before
 had wept
 She sighèd sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the
 babe to rest,
 That would not cease, but crièd still, in sucking
 at her breast
 She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with
 her child,

She rockèd it and rated it until on her it smilèd ,
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb
true to prove,
'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love'"

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for
to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight in place where
as she sat ,
And provèd plain there was no beast, nor creature
bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without dis-
cord and strife
Then kissèd she her little babe, and swaie by
God above
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love"

R EDWARDS.

125 —THE AZIOLA

"DO you not hear the Aziola cry ?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere the stars were lit or candles brought
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked "Who is Aziola ?" How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,

No mockery of myself to fear and hate '
 And Mary saw my soul
 And laughed and said, "Disquiet yourself not ,
 'Tis nothing but a little downy owl "

Sad Aziola ' many an eventide
 Thy music I had heard
 By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
 And fields and marshes wide,—
 Such as nor voice nor lute nor wind nor bird
 The soul ever stirred ,
 Unlike and far sweeter than they all
 Sad Aziola ' from that moment I
 Loved thee and thy sad cry
P B SHELLEY

126 —YUSSOUF

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, " Behold one outcast and in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ,
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, ' The
 Good ' "

" This tent is mine," said Yussouf, " but no more
 Than it is God's , come in, and be at peace ,
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
 As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard ' Nay ! ' "

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said , " Here is gold,
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
 Depart before the prying day grow bold "
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
 So nobleness enkindles nobleness .

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ,
 I will repay thee all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son !"

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with thee
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride away from me ,
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ,
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !"

J R LOWELL

127 —VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die

P

210 ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives

G HERBERT

128 —ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT
LINCOLN ¹

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won ,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes, the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the
bells ,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills ,

¹ Assassinated at Washington, after the close of the War
of Secession, April 14th, 1865

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding ,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning
Here Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head ,
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still ,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will ,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done ,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead
WALT WHITMAN

129—TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers ,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
 With wicker aiks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round,
 Each virgin, like a spring,
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But now, we see none here,
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And with dishevelled hair
 Adorned this smoother mead

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone

R HERRICK

130 —ART'S MARTYR

Telleth of a young man that fain would be fairly tattooed
 on his flesh, after the heathen manner, in devices of blue,
 and that, falling among the Dyacks, a folk of Borneo,
 was by them tattooed in modern fashion and device, and of
 his misery that fell upon him, and his outlawry

HE said, The china on the shelf
 Is very fair to view,
 And wherefore should mine outer self
 Not correspond thereto?
 In blue
 My frame I must tattoo

Where may tattooing men abound,
 And ah ! where might they be ?
 Nay, well I wot they are not found
 In lands of Christentie
 (Quoth he),
 But I must cross the sea !

So forth he sailed to Borneo
 (A land that culture lacks),
 And there his money did bestow
 To purchase picks and hacks
 (Dyacks
 Aie famed tattooing blacks)

But European commerce had
 Debased the savage kind,
 And they this most unhappy lad
 Before (and eke behind)
 Designed
 In colours to their mind !

Such awful colours as are blent
 On terrible placards
 Where flames the fierce advertisement ,
 Yea, or on Christmas cards—
 (Not Ward's,
 But common Christmas cards !)

Thus never more to Chelsea might
 The luckless boy return,
 He knew himself too dreadful, quite,
 A thing his friends would spurn,
 And turn
 To praise some Grecian urn !

But still he dwells in Borneo,
 (A land that culture lacks,)
 And there they all admire him so,
 They bring him heads in sacks
 (Dyacks
 Are *not* æsthetic blacks ')

A LANG

131 —THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND

THE love that I hae chosen
 I'll therewith be content ,
 The saut sea sall be frozen
 Before that I repent
 Repent it sall I never
 Until the day I dee ,
 But the Lawlands o' Holland
 Hae twinned my love and me

My love he built a bonny ship,
 And set her to the main,
 Wi' twenty-four brave mariners
 To sail her out and hame
 But the weary wind began to rise,
 The sea began to rout,
 And my love and his bonny ship
 Turned withershins about

There sall nae mantle cross my back,
 No kaim gae in my hair,
 Neither sall coal nor candle-light
 Shine in my bower mair ,

Noi sall I choose anither love
 Until the day I dee,
 Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland
 Hae twinned my love and me
 OLD BALLAD

132 —THE DOG OF IRUS

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE

POOR Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
 His guide and guard, nor, while my service
 lasted,
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which
 He now goes picking out his path in fear
 O'er the highways and crossings, but would plant,
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reached
 His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
 Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed
 To whom with loud and passionate laments
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed,
 Nor wailed to all in vain, some here and there,
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept,
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
 Pricked up at his least motion, to receive
 At his kind hands my customary crumbs,
 And common portion in his feast of scraps,
 Or when night warned us homeward, tired and
 spent
 With our long day and tedious beggary

These were my manners, this my way of life,
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,
 And sever'd from my sightless master's side
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
 This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
 And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
 In long and lasting union to attest,
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog

C LAMB

133—TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN
 OF BOHEMIA

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light ,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the moon shall rise ?

Ye violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year
 As if the spring were all your own ,
 What are you, when the rose is blown ?

Ye curious chanters of the wood
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

So, when my Mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,—
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

H WOTTON

134 —TASSO'S CORONATION¹

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, in the glorious
Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the
voice of victory,
There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial
streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crowned—a kingly
child of song

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving
wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his
rolling car,
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their
wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in
gem-like showers

¹ Tasso died on the day before that appointed for his coronation in Rome.

Peace ! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies ,
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him whose
rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong
wind o'er the main !
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever
there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shined in a temple's
holiest cell

Yes ! for him, the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low !
A soft sad miserere chant
For a soul about to go !

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a
flood of golden day ,
Streaming through every haughty arch of the
Cæsar's past renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror
for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight !
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the
lordly train are met—

The streets are hung with coronals—why stays
 the minstrel yet ?
 Shout ' as an army shouts in joy around a royal
 chief—
 Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love
 and grief !

Silence ! forth we bring him,
 In his last array ;
 From love and grief the freed, the flown—
 Way for the bier—make way !

F HEMANS

135 —A WIDOW BIRD

A WIDOW bird sat mourning for her Love
 Upon a wintry bough ,
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound

P B SHELLEY

136 —THE HAPPY SHEPHERD

LORDLY Gallants, tell me this
 (Though my safe content you weigh not),
 In your greatness, what one bliss
 Have you gained, that I enjoy not ?

You have honours, you have wealth
I have peace, and I have health ,
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take

Bound to none my fortunes be ,
This or that man's fall I fear not
Him I love that loveth me ,
For the rest, a pin I care not !
 You are sad when others chafe,
 And grow merry as they laugh
 I, that hate it and am free,
 Laugh and weep as pleaseth me

Seek to raise your titles higher !
They are toys not worth my sorrow
Those that we to-day admire
Prove the Age's scorn to-morrow
 Take your honours ! Let me find
 Virtue in a free-born mind !
 This, the greatest kings that be
 Cannot give or take from me

Though I vainly do not vaunt
Large demesnes to feed my pleasure,
I have favours where you want,
That would buy respect with treasure
 You have lands lie here and there ,
 But my wealth is everywhere
 And this addeth to my store,
 Fortune cannot make me poor

Say, you purchase with your pelf
Some respect where you importune,

Those may love me, for myself,
That regard you for your fortune
 Rich, or born of high degree,
 Fools, as well as you, may be ,
 But that peace in which I live
 No descent, nor wealth can give

You are pleasèd, more or less,
As men well or ill report you,
And show discontentedness
When the times forbear to court you
 That in which my pleasures be
 No man can divide from me ,
 And my care it adds not to
 Whatso others say or do

Be not proud because you view
You by thousands are attended ,
For, alas, it is not you,
But your fortune, that's befriended !
 Where I show of love have got,
 Such a danger fear I not ,
 Since they nought can seek of me,
 But for love beloved to be.

You do bravely domineer
Whilst the sun upon you shineth ,
But, if any storm appear,
Basely then your mind declineth
 But, or shine, or rain, or blow,
 I my resolutions know ,
 Living, dying, thrall, or free,
 At one height my mind shall be

In these thoughts my riches are
Now, though poor and mean you deem me,

I am pleased, and do not care
 How the times, or you, esteem me
 For those toys that make you gay
 Are but play games for a day;
 And, when Nature claims her due,
 I as brave shall be as you !

G. WITHER

137 —A GRAVE IN VIRGINIA

AS toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods,
 To the music of rustling leaves kicked by my feet
 —for 'twas Autumn—
 I marked at the foot of a tree the grave of a
 soldier
 Mortally wounded he, and buried on the retreat
 Easily all could I understand—
 The halt of a mid-day hour—when, Up ! no time
 to lose ! yet this sign left
 On a tablet scrawled and nailed on the tree by
 the grave,
 "Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade "

Long, long I muse,—then on my way go wandering,
 Many a changeful season to follow, and many a
 scene of life
 Yet at times through changeful season and scene,
 abrupt,—alone or in the crowded street,—
 Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes
 the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
 "Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade "

WALT WHITMAN

138 —LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O WHAT can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too and fragrant zone ,
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true!'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamt—ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill's side

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
They cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side

"And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing."

J KEATS

139 —MIDNIGHT

MIDNIGHT was come, and every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest,
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing
Now sweetly slept beside their mother's breast,
The old and all were shrouded in their nest,
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease;
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing nestled in his resting-place
Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night,
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partridge dreamt not of the falcon's foot

The ugly bear now mindeth not the stake,
Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear,
The stag lay still unrousèd from the brake,
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear
All thing was still in desert, bush and brere,¹
With quiet heart now from their travails blest
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest

T. SACKVILLE

140 —SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN
BERMUDA

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied,

¹ Brar

From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus¹ shows ,
He makes the figs our mouths to meet ,
And throws the melons at our feet ,
But apples , plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,

¹ An island in the Persian Gulf, famous for diamonds.

Which then perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !”
—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time
A MARVELL

141 —A DEATH-BED

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died

But when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours

T HOOD

142 —THE MONK FELIX

ONE morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast,
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air ,
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the truce of God
With worldly woe and care ,
Under him lay the golden moss ,
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ,
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said
" I believe, O God,

What herein I have read,
But, alas ! I do not understand !”

And lo ! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Drooped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain ,
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent-bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste
In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,

But the faces were new and strange ,
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ,
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face !"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours !"

"Years !" said a voice close by
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak

Fastened against the wall,—
He was the oldest monk of all
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow
“One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God’s grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same ”

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild boar’s hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified ¹
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door
He had been counted among the dead,
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power

¹ Built.

Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour

H W LONGFELLOW

143 —THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes ?
On what wings dared he aspire ?
What the hand dared seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet ?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

W. BLAKE

144 — THE OAK AND THE BRERE¹

THERE grew an aged tree on the green,
 A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
 With arms full strong, and largely displayed,
 But of their leaves they were disarrayed,
 The body big and mightily pight,²
 Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height,
 Whilome had been the king of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband³ did yield,
 And with his nuts larded many a swine;
 But now the gray moss marred his rine,⁴
 His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
 His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
 His honour decayed, his branches sere

Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,
 Which proudly thrust into th' element,
 And seemed to threaten the firmament
 It was embellished with blossoms fair,
 And thereto wonned⁵ to repair
 The shepherds' daughters to gather flowers,
 To paint their garlands with his colours,
 And in his small bushes used to shroud
 The sweet nightingale singing so loud
 Which made the foolish Brere wax so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold
 And snub the good Oak, for he was old

“Why stand'st there (quoth he) thou brutish
 block?”

Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock,
 See'st how fresh my flowers been spread,

¹ Here, probably, wild rose. ² Fixed ³ Husbandman.

⁴ Bark

⁵ Were wont

Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
 With leaves engrained in lusty green ;
 Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen ?
 Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
 And dirks¹ the beauty of my blossoms round
 The mouldy moss which thee accloyeth²
 My cinnamen smell too much annoyeth
 Wherefore soon I rede³ thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove ”
 So spake this bold Brere with great disdain
 Little him answered the Oak again,
 But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
 That of a weed he was overcrawed

It chanced after upon a day,
 The husband's self to come that way,
 Of custom for to surviue his ground,
 And his trees of state in compass round
 Him when the spiteful Brere had espied, -
 Causeless complained, and loudly cried
 Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife

“ O my liege Lord¹ the God of my life,
 Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
 Causèd of wrong and cruel constraint,
 Which I, your poor vassal, daily endure ,
 And, but your goodness the same re-cure,
 Am like for desperate dole to die,
 Through felonous force of mine enemy ”

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed
 With painted words then gan this proud weed
 (As most usen ambitious folk)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloak.

¹ Darkens² Clings to³ Advise

"Ah, my sovereign ! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,
 To be the primrose¹ of all thy land ,
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime²
 And scarlet berries in summer-time ?
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire ;
 Hindeing with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight ?
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from woundès wide ,
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
 That been the honour of your coronal ,
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light
 Upon my branches, to work me more spite ,
 And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowerets been defaced
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to assuage
 The rancorous rigour of his might,
 Nought ask I, but only to hold my right,
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be guarded from grievance '

To this the Oak cast him to reply
 Well as he couth,³ but his enemy
 Had kindled such coales of displeasure,
 That the good man nould⁴ stay his leisure,
 But home he hasted with furious heat,
 Increasing his warmth with many a threat ,

¹ First rose² Spring³ Could⁴ Would not

His harmful hatchet he hent ¹ in hand
(Alas ! that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth
(Aye little help to harm there needeth !)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter ² his rage might coolèd be ,
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain ,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear ,
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crossed with the priestès crew,
And often hallowed with holy water due
But sik ³ fancies weren foolery,
And brougthen this Oak to this misery ,
For nought might they quit him from decay,
For fiercely the goodman at him did lay ,
The block oft groanèd under the blow,
And sighèd to see his near overthrow
In fine, the steel had piercèd his pith,
Then down to the earth he fell forthwith
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
The earth shronk under him, and seemed to shake
There lieth the Oak, pitied of none !

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance ,
But all this glee had no continuance
For eftsoons winter gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Brere ,

¹ Took.² In case (in adventure)³ Such.

For now no succour was seen him near
 Now gan he repent his pride too late,
 For, naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipped his stalk dead,
 The watery wet weighed down his head,
 And heaped snow burdened him so sore
 That now upright he can stand no more,
 And, being down, is trod in the dirt
 Of cattle, and brouzed and sorely hurt
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere
 For scorning eld

E SPENSER

145 —TO A CAT

CAT! who hast passed thy grand climacteric,¹
 How many mice and rats hast in thy days
 Destroyed? How many tit-bits stolen? Gaze
 With those bright languid segments green, and
 prick
 Those velvet ears—but prythee do not stick
 Thy latent talons in me—and upraise
 Thy gentle mew, and tell me all thy frays
 Of fish and mice, and rats and tender chick
 Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists
 For all the wheezy asthma—and for all
 Thy tail's tip is nicked off—and though the fists
 Of many a maid have given thee many a maul,—
 Still is that fur as soft as when the lists
 In youth thou enter'dst on glass-bottled wall

J KEATS

¹ The year said to be most fatal to life in man, the 63d

146 —GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN

I MIND it was but yesterday,—
The sun was dim, the air was chill,
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill,—
My Jacob, who was cast away

He said, "God keep you, mother dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife,
They had some foolish, idle strife,
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear,
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through cuird-like scud did drive and float

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown,
I came to hate the little town,
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south,
It piled high up the harbour mouth,
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Were all abroad with sea-foam white

It was the middle of the night,
 The sea upon the garden leapt,
 And my son's wife in quiet slept,
 And I, his mother, waked and wept,
 When lo ! there came a sudden light

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress
 All wet and dripping seemed to be ,
 The pale blue fires of the sea
 Dripped from his garments constantly,—
 I could not speak through cowardness

" I come through night and storm," he said ,
 " Through storm and night and death," said he,
 " To kiss my wife, if it so be
 That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
 For all beyond is Peace," he said

" The sea is His, and He who sent
 The wind and wave can soothe their strife ,
 And brief and foolish is our life "
 He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
 Then sighed, and like a dream, he went

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
 But her—his wife—who did not wake,
 My heart within me seemed to break ,
 I swore a vow ! nor thenceforth spake
 Of what my clearer eyes did see

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
 Somehow we spake of aught beside ,
 For she,—her hope upheld her pride ,
 And I,—in me all hope had died,
 And my son passed as if forgot

It was about the next spring-tide,
 She pined and faded where she stood,
 Yet spake no word of ill or good,
 She had the hard, cold Edwards' ¹ blood
 In all her veins,—and so she died

One time I thought, before she passed,
 To give her peace, but ere I spake
 Methought, "*He* will be first to break
 The news in heaven," and for his sake
 I held mine back until the last

And here I sit, nor care to roam,
 I only wait to hear his call;
 I doubt not that this day, next fall,
 Shall see me safe in port, where all
 And every ship at last comes home

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
 And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!
 Ah, God of wisdom! hath the sea
 Yielded its dead to humble me!
 My boy! my Jacob! Turn again!
BRET HARTE

147 —THE POETS' BURIAL-PLACE

THE moon's young ray reveals a dreaming lake,
 Girt with dream-flowers monkshood and asphodel,
 And marvellous lilies, like a pale sea-shell,
 Eyes of fair daisies, folded now, to wake
 At sunrise; and unwithering reeds, that shake
 Spears o'er the dumb lake's breast, a slumbrous spell

¹ An American theologian, noted for his sternness and intolerance

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES 241

Here sleep they, lowly lying a grassy home
Rich-sown with flowers, with clambering ivy drest
Here, drawn by rondels from a hidden nest,
Titania and her attendant elves shall come,
And glow-worm fires burn soft, as lamps in Rome¹
That point through darkening aisles to popes at
rest

Come, read my riddle, but whisper it, nor mar
Low elf-notes that as softly greet thine ear
As murmur of ripe corn, or aspen sere,
Read my poor words worthless, yet rich so far
That *they the burial-urn and casket are*
Of some sweet poets' names, that slumber here
ANON

148 —THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING
LEAVES

THAT way look, my infant, lo !
What a pretty baby show !
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree !
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly, one might think,

¹ Alluding to the lights kept burning in St Peter's,
where several of the Popes are buried

From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or fairy hither tending,—
 To his lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In this wavering parachute
 —But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and daits !
 First at one and then its fellow,
 Just as light and just as yellow ,
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop , and there are none—
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire !
 With a tiger-leap half way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again .
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjuror ,
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd ?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ,
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ,
 Here, for neither babe nor me,

Other playmate can I see
 Of the countless living things,
 That with stir of feet and wings,
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade),
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,
 Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale so blithe a place,
 Multitudes are swept away
 Never more to breathe the day,
 Some are sleeping, some in bands
 Travelled into distant lands,
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighbourhood;
 And, among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside
 —Where is he, that giddy sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree,
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out,
 Hung with head towards the ground,
 Fluttered, perched, into a round,
 Bound himself, and then unbound,
 Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
 Light of heart and light of limb,
 What is now become of him?
 Lambs, that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,

When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time
 If you look to vale or hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighbouring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound
 Vainly glitters hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain,
 Vainly morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure,
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy :
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near ?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gaiety ?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every creature,
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty kitten, from thy freaks—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Laura's face,
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !

And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness
—Pleased by any random toy,
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy,
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss,
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with life's falling leaf
W. WORDSWORTH

149 —FATE

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate
Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ,
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air

Down the broad valley, fast and fair,
The troubled army fled ,
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead

I have read in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul

Encamped beside life's rushing stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between

248 I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave,
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave

And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled,
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead

H W LONGFELLOW

151 —I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils,
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

THE FAIRY OAK OF CORRIEWATER 249

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee —
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company,
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils
W WORDSWORTH

152 —THE FAIRY OAK OF CORRIEWATER

THE small bird's head is under its wing,
The deer sleeps on the grass,
The moon comes out, and the stars shine down,
The dew gleams like the glass.
There is no sound in the world so wide,
Save the sound of the smitten brass,
With the merry cittern and the pipe
Of the fairies as they pass
But O, the fire maun burn and burn,
And the hour is gone, and will never return

The green hill cleaves, and forth, with a bound,
Comes elf and elfin steed,
The moon dives down in a golden cloud,
The stars grow dim with dread

But a light is running along the earth,
 So of heaven's they have no need
 O'er moor and moss with a shout they pass,
 And the word is spur and speed
 But the fire maun burn, and I maun quake,
 And the hour is gone that will never come back

And when they came to Craigburn wood,
 The Queen of the fairies spoke
 "Come, bind your steeds to the rushes so green,
 And dance by the haunted oak."
 I found the acorn on Heshbon Hill,
 In the nook of a palmer's poke,
 A thousand years since, here it grows!"
 And they danced till the greenwood shook
 But O, the fire, the burning fire!
 The longer it burns, it but blazes the higher

"I have won me a youth," the elf Queen said,
 "The fairest that earth may see;
 This night I have won young Elph Irving
 My cup-bearer to be.
 His service lasts but for seven sweet years,
 And his wage is a kiss of me"
 And merrily, merrily, laughed the wild elves
 Round Corrie's greenwood tree
 But O, the fire it glows in my brain!
 And the hour is gone, and comes not again

The Queen she has whispered a secret word,
 "Come hither, my Elphin sweet,
 And bring that cup of the charmed wine,
 Thy lips and mine to weet"
 But a brown elf shouted a loud, loud shout,

" Come, leap on your coursers fleet,
For here comes the smell of baptizèd flesh
And the sound of baptizèd feet "
But O, the fire that burns and maun burn '
For the time that is gone will never return

On a steed as white as the new-milked milk
The elf Queen leapt with a bound,
And young Elphin a steed like December snow
'Neath him at the word he found
But a maiden came, and her christened arms
She linked her brother around,
And called on God , and the steed with a snort
Sank into the gaping ground
But the fire maun burn, and I maun quake ,
And the time that is gone will no more come back.

And she held her brother, and lo ' he grew
A wild bull waked in ire ,
And she held her brothei, and lo ' he changed
To a river roaring higher ,
And she held her brother, and he became
A flood of raging fire :
She shrieked and sank, and the wild elves laughed
Till mountain rang and mire
But O, the fire yet burns in my brain '
And the hour is gone, and comes not again

" O maiden, why waxed thy faith so faint,
Thy spirt so slack and slaw ?
Thy courage kept good till the flame waxed wild,
Then thy might began to thaw
Had ye kissed him with thy christened lip,
Ye had won him frae 'mong us a'.

252 TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

Now bless the fire, the elfin fire,
That made thee faint and fa' ,
Now bless the fire, the elfin fire
The longer it burns it blazes the higher '"
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

153 —TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers ,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,—
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame
And make it thus expire
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such repose,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven

R HERRICK

154 —MY FAWN

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die
Ungentle men ! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm, alas ! nor could
Thy death to them do any good
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail But, O my fears !
It cannot die so Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain,
Even beasts must be with justice slain,

Else men are made their deodands¹
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do
Saith he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled.
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent,
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game it seemed to bless
Itself in me How could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

¹ A legal term, applied originally to chattels which had caused a death, and were consequently *given to God*, or applied to religious uses

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did, his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed,
And as it grew so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they
It had so sweet a breath ' and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Than any lady's of the land!
It was a wondrous thing how fleet
Twas on those little silver feet
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race,
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay,
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ,
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed ,
And then to me 'twould boldly tip,
And print those roses on my lip
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within

A MARVELL

155 — I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born ,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,—
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !

The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,—
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy

T. HOOD

156 —PEGASUS¹ IN POUND

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

¹ The horse of the Muses

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves ,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ,
'Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapour veiled ,
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the dying leaves exhaled

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found,
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapours cold and dim ,
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars,

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighbouring farmyard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound
H. W. LONGFELLOW

157 — "BREAK, BREAK"

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

TENNYSON

158 — TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ,
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

What thou art we know not ,
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view .

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
wingèd thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass

Teach us, sprite or bud,
What sweet thoughts are thine '
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus Hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of
pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come
 near

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now !
 P B. SHELLEY

159 —THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 " Let us," said He, " pour on him all we can ,
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
 Contract into a span "

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure,
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature ,
So both should losers be

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness ,
Let him be rich and weary, that at least
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast "

G HERBERT

160 —THE DYING SWAN

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament
It was the middle of the day
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ,
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear ,
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ,
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold ,
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening stai
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song

TENNYSON

161.—THE DEMON SHIP

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea
looked black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were muster-
ing at the brim,
Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid
night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and
sky !

Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held
freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for
the land
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little
boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon
the blast
Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining
sail !
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce
assaults of hail !
What darksome caverns yawned before, what
jagged steeps behind !
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing
in the wind
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in
the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its
place,

As black as night—they turned to white, and cast
against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's
shroud
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was
nearly run,
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped
in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling,
rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at
last
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing
grave,
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its
hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my
face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling
base
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine,
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche
of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife
and home,
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked
below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after
deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a
weed
* * * * *
‘Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the
world of death?’

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth
of breath ,
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a
doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed
around ?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up
aloft ,
But were those beams the very beams that I had
seen so oft ?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me
watched alone ,
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked
against my own ?
Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such
a sight
As met my gaze, when first I gazed, on that
accursèd night !
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce
extremes
Of fever , and most frightful things have haunted
in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with
hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and
she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and
spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished
by the light !
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting
from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight
glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all
aghast,—
But nothing like that Grimly One who stood beside
the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his
eyes and hair as dark
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left
a sable mark ;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when
I looked beneath,
His breast was black,—all, all was black, except
his grinning teeth
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric
slaves !
Oh horror ! e'en the ship was black that ploughed
the inky waves !

“Alas !” I cried, “for love of truth and blessed
mercy's sake,
Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what
dreadful lake ?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as
any coal ?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained
my soul !
Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows
that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless
child,—
My mother dear, my native fields, I never more
shall see .
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's
Sea !”

Loud laughed that Sable Mariner, and loudly in
 return
 His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from
 stem to stern—
 A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on
 the nonce—
 As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out
 at once
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the
 merry fit,
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like
 Demons of the Pit
 They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made
 answer for the whole,—
 “Our skins,” said he, “are black, ye see, because
 we carry coal,
 You’ll find your mother sure enough, and see your
 native fields—
 For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary
 Ann of Shields !”

T HOOD

162 —SONG OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come,
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,

The cicale¹ above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus² was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 SPEEDED by my sweet pipings
 The Sileni,³ and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal⁴ Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the Giant Wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus —
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

P B SHELLEY

¹ Italian for *cicada*, an insect that lives in trees, and is remarkable for the extraordinary sounds it emits

² A mountain-god, who decided the musical contest between Pan and Apollo ³ Satyrs ⁴ Wrought with skill.

163 —IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be
 BEN JONSON

164 —A GREYPORT LEGEND

THEY ran through the streets of the sea-port town
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they
 “Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
 Run for your shallops, gather your men,
 Scatter your boats on the lower bay”
Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—
 Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
 Thirteen children they were in all,—
 All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all !
She will not float till the turning tide !"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or Heaven she bide"
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her
side

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar ,
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh
blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before

They come no more But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring relief.
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page ,
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before
Drawing the soul to its anchorage
BRET HARTE

165 —MAN AND NATURE

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ,
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure —
But the least motion that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

W WORDSWORTH

166 —THE DRAGON-FLY

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I

Thanks for this fancy, insect-king
Of purple crest and meshy wing !
Who, with indifference, givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river
—God pardon them, O insect-king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing !
W S LANDOR

167.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT
HAMBURG

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward
to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the
growth of centuries ,

INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG 277

You could not deem its crowding spires a work of
human art,
They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy
living heart

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or
in oak,
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that
gray pile she spoke ,
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and
alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in
obedient stone

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect,
yet so rough,
A whim of Nature crystallised slowly in granite
tough ,
The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint
harmonious lines,
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a
grove of blasted pines

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with
better right
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of
light ,
And, in that forest petrified, as forester there
dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all
its bells

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward
red as blood,

278 INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG

Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the
eddyng flood
For miles away the fiery spray poured down its
deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked, and
paused, and burst again

From square to square with tiger leaps panted
the lustful fire,
The air to leeward shuddered with the gasps of
its desire,
And church and palace which even now stood
whelmed but to the knee
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the
whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with
quiet look,
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last
forsook
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway
would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once
He did of old

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good
saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the church-
yard wall,
And, ere a *Pater*¹ half was said 'mid smoke and
crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head above the
wide despair

¹ Pater Noster, Lord's Prayer

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood
up sublime
His first thought was for God above, his next was
for his chime
"Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns
of praise," cried he,
"As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through
the sea !

"Through this red sea our God hath made the
pathway safe to shore ;
Our promised land stands full in sight , shout now
as ne'er before !"
And as the tower came crashing down, the bells,
in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn,—“All
good souls, praise the Lord !”

J R LOWELL

168 —SONG TO SABRINA ¹

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !

¹ The Goddess of the Severn

Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus,¹
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' ² grave majestic pace ,
 By hoary Nereus' ³ wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian ⁴ wizard's ⁵ hook ,
 By scaly Triton's ⁶ winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' ⁷ spell ,
 By Leucothea's ⁸ lovely hands,
 And her son ⁹ that rules the strands ,
 By Thetis' ¹⁰ tinsel ¹¹slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet ,
 By dead Parthenope's ¹² dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's ¹³ golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance ,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have

Listen and save !

J MILTON

¹ A sea-god, subject to Neptune ² Wife of Oceanus

³ Sea-gods, subject to Neptune The wizard is Proteus

⁴ From Carpathus, in the Mediterranean

⁵ Ino, changed into a sea-deity

⁶ Palæmon, identified with Portunus, the Roman god of
harbours ⁷ Daughter of Oceanus

⁸ From *étincelle*, in allusion to the sparkling of the water.

⁹ Sirens

169 —THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

A FRAGMENT

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell ,
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That called the folk to evening prayer ,
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains ,
And, on the western window-panes
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatured green valleys cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by sheltered rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fireside orat'ries ,
And moving, with demurest air,
To even-song, and vesper prayer
Each archèd porch, and entry low,
Was filled with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While played the organ loud and sweet

The bells had ceased, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patched and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries ,
Perplexed her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,

Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints and silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The wingèd Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice
Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in the old Minster-square,
From her fireside she could see
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall,
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
Full-leaved, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So sheltered by the mighty pile
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane
Again she tried, and then again,
Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of Saint Mark
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin,
With aching neck and swimming eyes
And dazed with saintly imageries

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing Minster-gate
The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry-nest,

Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music and the drowsy chimes

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room
Down she sat, poor cheated soul¹
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal,
Leaned forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant book, full against the glare
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hovered about, a giant size,
On ceiling-beam and old oak chan,
The parrot's cage, and panel square,
And the warm angled winter-screen,
On which were many monsters seen
Called doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,
Macaw, and tender Avadavat,¹
And silken-furred Angora cat
Untired she read, her shadow still
Glowered about, as it would fill
The room with wildest forms and shades,
As though some ghostly Queen of Spades
Had come to mock behind her back,
And dance, and ruffle her garments black
Untired she read the legend page,
Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
Rejoicing for his many pains.
Sometimes the learned eremite,
With golden star, or dagger bright,
Referred to pious poesies
Written in smallest crow-quill size

¹ An Indian song-bird

Beneath the text, and thus the rhyme
 Was parcelled out from time to time
 —“Als¹ writith he of swevenis²
 Men have beforne they wake in bliss,
 Whaune that his friendes thinke him bound
 In crimpèd shroude farre under grounde,
 And how a litling child mote be
 A saint er its nativite,
 Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)
 Kepen in solitarinesse,
 And kissen devoute the holy croce
 Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—
 He writith, and thinges many mo
 Of swiche thinges I may not show,
 But I must tellen verilie
 Somdel³ of Saintè Cicilie,
 And chieflie what he aucterethe
 Of Saintè Marke's life and dethe ”

At length her constant eyelids come
 Upon the fervent martyrdom,
 Then lastly to his holy shrine,
 Exalt among the tapers' shine
 At Venice * * *

J KEATS

170—A FIRST WALK IN SPRING

WHEN Summer took in hand the Winter to assail,
 With force of might and virtue great his stormy
 blasts to quail,
 And when he clothèd fair the Earth about with
 green,

¹ Also

² Dreams

³ Something

And every tree new garmented that pleasure was
to seene,¹

Mine heart 'gan new revive, and changèd blood
did stir

Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within
the doo

"Abroad," quoth my desire, " assay to set thy
foot

Where thou shalt find the savour sweet, for spiung
is every root,

And to thy health, if thou wert sick in any case,
Nothing more good than in the Spring the air to
feel a space

There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds
y-wrought

Well tune their voice with warble small, as Nature
hath them taught "

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to
leave,

And for my health I thought it best such counsel
to receive

So on a morrow forth, unwist of any wight,

I went, to prove how well it would my heavy
burden light,

And when I felt the air so pleasant round about,
Lord ! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten
out !

There might I see how Ver had every blossom
hent,

And eke the new-betrothèd birds y-coupled how
they went,

And in their songs methought they thankèd
Nature much,

¹ See

That by her license all that year to love their hap
 was such,
 Right as they could devise to choose them feres¹
 throughout
With much rejoicing to their Lord thus flew they
 all about
 H HOWARD (Earl of Surrey)

171 —KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree ;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But O, that deep romantic charm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
 seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,

¹ Mates

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me

That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware, beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!

S T COLERIDGE

172 —THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky
So was it when my life began ,
So is it now I am a Man ,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is Father of the Man ,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety
W WORDSWORTH

173 —UNDER THE VIOLETS

Her hands are cold , her face is white,
No more her pulses come and go ,
Her eyes are shut to life and light ,—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes ,
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drops their dead leaves on her mound

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring
That trills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies
So may the soul that warmed it rise ! .

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow"

O W HOLMES

174 —TO SPRING

SWEETLY-BREATHING vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair

U

Winter's ruins , from whose breast
 All the gums and spice of th' East
 Borrow their perfumes , whose eye
 Gilds the morn and clears the sky ,
 Whose dishevelled tresses shed
 Pearls upon the violet bed ,
 On whose brow, with calm smiles dressed,
 The halcyon ¹ sits and builds her nest ,
 Beauty, youth, and endless Spring
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing ,
 Thou, if stormy Boreas ² throws
 Down whole forests when he blows,
 With a pregnant flowery birth
 Canst refresh the teeming earth
 If he nip the early bud,
 If he blast what's fair or good,
 If he scatter our choice flowers,
 If he shake our hills or bowers,
 If his rude breath threaten us ,
 Thou canst stroke great Eolus, ³
 And from him the grace obtain
 To bind him in an iron chain

T CAREW

175 — THEY ARE ALL GONE

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here ¹
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

¹ Kingfisher² The North Wind³ The King of the Winds

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose life doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays

O holy hope, and high humility—
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed
them me
To kindle my cold love

Dear beauteous death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ,
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ,

292 THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

But when the hand that locked her up gives
room

She'll shine through all the sphere

O Father of eternal life, and all

Created glories under Thee !

Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill

My perspective¹ still as they pass,

Or else remove me hence unto that hill

Where I shall need no glass

H VAUGHAN

176 —THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE
CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ,

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead

In summer luxury,—he has never done

With his delights , for when tired out with fun

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there
shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills

J KEATS

¹ An optical glass

177 —COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown ,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ,
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon ,
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
 To the dancers dancing in tune ,
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon

I said to the lily, " There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay
 When will the dancers leave her alone ?
 She is weary of dance and play "
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day ,
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine ?
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine "

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
 As the music clash'd in the hall ,
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all ,

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree ,
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ,
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me ,
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one ,

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate
She is coming, my dove, my dear ,
She is coming, my life, my fate ,
The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near ,"
And the white rose weeps, " She is late ,"
The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear ,"
And the lily whispers, " I wait "

She is coming, my own, my sweet ,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ,
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red

TENNYSON

178 —SLEEPING

WEEP you no more, sad fountains,
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste,
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping

Sleep is a reconciling—
 A rest that peace begets ,
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at even he sets ?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping

OLD MADRIGAL

179 —ASPIRATION

I WOULD fight the battle of the brave of old ,
 Die, and leave a story rich with deeds of gold
 Sweet the death they courted in a deathless cause,
 Soothed with songs of victory, and a world's
 applause !

—Nay ! the flower thou vauntest blossomed not
 for them
 Scorn they won for worship, thorns for diadem ,
 And the deeds that echoed through the after-days
 Seemed to some that loved them best worthier
 tears than praise

Have you seen the splendour where, on Alpine
 snows,
 All the vast pure whiteness trembles into rose ?
 Like the peace of God upon a soul forgiven,
 So upon Earth's fairest thing falls the smile of
 Heaven

Three I knew who loved it, who aspired to go
From the drowsy lowlands to the heights of snow,
Climbed with eager footsteps, under skies divine,
By the milky glacier-stream, and through woods
of pine

But the greenness faded on the stonier way,
And the fragrant shadow in the glare of day
Fiercely blazed the sunlight o'er the lengthening
track
Where the two went onward, and the one went
back

On, with faltering footstep, till they change at
last
Shale for ice and boulder, blaze for wintry blast
Heart-chilled and bewildered, witless where to
go,—
“ I will take yon line of rock ”—“ And I, the
drifted snow ”

See, he tempts the snow-bridge, slips, and falls,
and dies !
Only pitying angels watch him where he lies,—
In the blue depths buried, till the Gathering Day
Brother give to brother, parted by the way

But the first, unknowing of his comrade's fate,
Gains at last the summit, wearily and late
One bare rock, encircled by the blinding mist,
Where, to eyes that watched below, Earth and
Heaven had kissed !

Straining through the dimness, faint and heart-
 sick there,
 Lo ! he sees where phantom-forms laugh at his
 despair ,
 Heights unreach'd and awful, hidden from below
 " Fool ! that hast but climbed a step in our Stairs
 . of Snow !"—

Ay, the quest was madness, and the trust a
 dream !—

Yet I scorn the teaching of the things that seem
 Souls unfired may ask a lesser destiny ,
 Who have seen that Vision must aspire or die

—Child, be strong for battle, though the world's
 acclaim

Crown not thine endeavour, blazon not thy name
 Win, nor count thy winning , lose, nor fear to
 fall ,

Till the God thou cravest comfort thee for all

ANON

180 —TO THE GNAT

WHEN by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
 Poetic visions charm my closing eye ,
 And fairy-scenes, that Fancy loves to weave,
 Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy ,
 'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,
 Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
 Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
 And all is Solitude, and all is Night !

—Ah, now thy barbèd shaft, relentless fly,
 Unsheathes its terrors in the sultry air !
 No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,
 Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering
 spear

Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
 Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore
 Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful 'larum flings !
 —I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more !

S. ROGERS

181 — "THREE YEARS SHE GREW"

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ,
 This Child I to myself will take ,
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own

" Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain

" She shall be sportive as the Fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ,
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things

"The floating Clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend,
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy

"The Stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where Rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell,
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy Dell"

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be

W WORDSWORTH

182 —THE OUBIT

IT was a hairy oubit, sae proud he crept alang,
A feckless hairy oubit, and merrily he sang—
“ My minnie bad me bide at hame until I won
my wings,
I'll shew her soon my soul's aboon the warks o'
creeping things ”

This feckless hairy oubit cam' hirpling by the
linn,
A swirl o' wind cam' doun the glen, and blew
that oubit in
O when he took the water, the saumon fry they
rose,
And tigg'd him a' to pieces sma', by head and
tail and toes

Tak' warning then, young poets a', by this poor
oubit's shame,
Though Pegasus may nicher loud, keep Pegasus
at hame
O haud your hands frae inkhorns, though a' the
Muses woo,
For critics lie, like saumon fry, to mak' their
meals o' you

CHARLES KINGSLEY

183 —THE CROOKED FOOTPATH

AH, here it is ' the sliding rail
That marks the old-remembered spot
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail—
The crooked path across the lot

It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farmhouse door

No line or compass traced its plan ;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
The broken millstone at the sill,
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart,
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled,
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line,
Our truest steps are human still—
To walk unswerving were divine !

Truants from love, we dream of wrath,
Oh, rather let us trust the more !
Through all the wanderings of the path
We still can see our Father's door !
O W HOLMES

184 —GOOD NIGHT

GOOD night Too late to take a kiss of thine
I kissed thee ere thy tired eyes closed in rest
Methinks thy brow hath something too divine
For kisses now So be it, it is best

Good night. Soft folds are wrapped about thee
well
Careless, my arms may lose thee from their hold
What though the hours be dark, and night-winds
swell ?
Thy sleep is sound ; thou wilt not feel the cold

Good night O little one, in dreams locked fast !
Say, wilt thou miss me where I lie apart ?
Our hands will not be joined, as in time past,
Nor thy small head close pillowed on my heart

Another Eye that mine shall watch thy waking ,
 A fonder kiss shall thrill thee with the light
 Only, in that sweet morning's sudden breaking,
 Keep one for me, one child-kiss ! So, good night
 ANON

185 —MAN'S MEDLEY

HARK how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring !
 All creatures have their joy, and man hath his
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
 Rather hereafter than in present is

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence ,
 In th' other angels have a right by birth
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
 With th' one hand touching heaven, with th' other
 earth

In soul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies ,
 He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,¹
 But trimmed with curious lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuff and ground

Not that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer ,

¹ Plain

But as buds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead

But as his joys are double
So is his trouble
He hath two winters, other things but one,
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip,
And he of all things fears two deaths alone

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise
G HERBERT

186 —THE COURTIN'

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked ¹ in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole Queen's-arm ² that gran'thei Young
Fetched back from Concord busted

¹ Peep'd² Musket.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her !
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'

She heerd a foot and knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper

He kin' o' litered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the seekle,¹
His heart kep' gom' pitypat,
But hein went pity Zekle

And yet she gin² her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"
"Wal, no, I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin' "

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther

¹ Quest.² Gave

Sez he, "I'd better call agin',"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*,"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they wuz cried
In meetin', come nex Sunday

J R LOWELL

187 —THE EBB TIDE

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roamed thy greenwood side,
Behold the gentle rise

With many a stroke and strong,
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlaboured boat glides rapidly along,
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
 So silent late, the shallow current roars,
 Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way,
 Through wider-spreading shores

Avon ! I gaze and know
 The wisdom emblem'd in thy varying way,
 It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
 So rapidly decay

Kingdoms that long have stood
 And slow to strength and power attained at last,
 Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
 Ebb to their ruin fast

So tardily appears
 The course of time to manhood's envied stage,
 Alas ! how hurryingly the ebbing years
 Then hasten to old age !

R SOUTHEY

188 —THE PATRIOT

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad ;
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had
 A year ago on this very day

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries
 Had I said, " Good folk, mere noise repels—
 But give me your sun from yonder skies !"
 They had answered " And afterward, what else ?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep !
 Nought man could do, have I left undone
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
 Just a palsied few at the windows set,
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate,—or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds

Thus I entered, and thus I go !
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
 Me ?" God might question, now instead,
 'Tis God shall repay I am safer so

R BROWNING

189 —TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH A PLOUGH,
 NOVEMBER 1785

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which mak's thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ,
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
's a sma' request
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
An' never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
An' naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cran'euch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promised joy

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess and fear
R BURNS

190 —THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

WHERE are they gone, the old familiar faces ?
I had a mother, but she died and left me,
Died prematurely in a day of horrors—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I loved a Love once, fairest among women,
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly,
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother !
 Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling ?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces

For some they have died, and some they have
 left me,
 And some are taken from me, all are departed,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

C LAMB

191 —BACH'S FUGUES

Back ! yes, Back—you don't know what I mane ?
 Of coorse, of coorse ! well, you see, I'll explain—
 Well, it's a difficult sort of music, look 'ee !
 Slantindicular, that is, crooky,
 Up and down, in and out—
 Bless me ! what am I talkin' about !
 Complercated—heads and tails—
 Scientifc, that is, scales—

I don't know whether you've ever heard—
Fidgets, fuges ! that's the word—
Fuges, fuges, that's what I meant—
Excellent, though, excellent !
Fidgets—good ! but avast them nudges !
I'm goin' to tell you what a fudge is—
Fuge—dear heart !
What a start !
Well, observe ! away goes a scrap,
Just a piece of a tune, like a little chap
That runs from his mammy, but mind the row
There'll be about that chap just now !
Off he goes ! but whether or not,
The mother is after him like a shot—
Run, you rascal, the fast you're able !
But she nearly nabs him at the gable,
But missin' him after all and then
He'll give her the imperin'ce of sin
And he'll duck and he'll dive, and he'll dodge and
 he'll dip,
And he'll make a run, and he'll give her the slip,
And back again, and turnin' and mockin',
And imitatin' her most shockin',
Every way she's movin', you know
That's just the way this tune'll go,
Imitatin', changin', hidin',
Doublin' upon itself, dividin'
And other tunes comin' wantin' to dance with it,
And haven't the very smallest chance with it—
It's that slippy and swivel—up, up, up !
Down, down, down ! the little pup—
Friskin', whiskin', and then as solemn,
Like marchin' in a double column,
Like a funeral or, rather,

If you'll think of this imp, it's like the father
 Comin' out to give it him, and his heavy feet
 Soundin' like thunder on the street
 And he's caught at last, and they all sing out
 Like the very mischief, and dance and shout,
 And caper away there most surprisin',
 And ends in a terrible rejisin'

—That's Back, that's fuges—aw, that's fine !

T. E. BROWN

192 —TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves
 run ,
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ,
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel , to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
 cells

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ,
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy
 hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined
 flowers
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by
 hours

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are
 they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ,
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ,
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ,
Hedge-crickets sing , and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies
 J KEATS

193 —THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy,
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought,—
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,

And looking back (at that short space)
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face,
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness
 O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plain
 Where first I left my glorious train,
 From whence the enlightened spirit sees
 That shady City of Palm trees !
 But ah ! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way —
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move,
 And when this dust falls to the urn
 In that state I came, return

H VAUGHAN

194 — THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams,
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ,
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ,
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genn that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ,
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ,
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ,
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ,
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
 swim
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be

The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my
 chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ,
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores
 I change, but I cannot die
For after the rain when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again
 P B SHELLEY

195 —THE SOUL

O IGNORANT poor man ! what dost thou bear
 Locked up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels and what riches hast thou there ?
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find
Like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base

Kill not her quickening power with surfetings,
Mar not her sense with sensualities
Cast not her serious wit on idle things,
Make not her free will slave to vanities

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is
Think it a birth, and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss
J DAVIES

196 —THE NIGHT BIRD

A FLOATING, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree

"O came you off the isles of Greece,
Or off the banks of Seine,
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD 321

" I came not off the old world,
Nor yet from off the new—
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through

" O sing, and wake the dawning—
O whistle for the wind ,
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind "

" The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new ,
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow
Ere thou hast sailed them through "

C KINGSLEY

197 —ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign

322 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD 323

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ,
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade . nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muses' flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ,
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
 muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply,
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ,
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lives their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—

“Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love

“One morn I missed him on the accusom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he !

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him
borne —
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn”

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
 friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God

T GRAY

198 — "SHED NO TEAR"

SHED no tear—O shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year ,
 Weep no more—O weep no more !
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core ,
 Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies
 Shed no tear

Overhead—look overhead
 'Mong the blossoms white and red ,
 Look up—look up ! I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough
 See me ! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill
 Shed no tear—O shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year

Adieu—adieu ! I fly—Adieu !
I vanish in the heaven's blue
Adieu ! Adieu !

J KEATS

199 —A CHRISTMAS CAROL

It chanced upon the merry merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moor-
land dreary—

“O never sin and want and woe this earth will
leave,

And the bells but mock the wailing round, they
sing so cheery !

How long, O Lord ! how long before Thou come
again ?

Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland
dreary

The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor
men toil in vain,

Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though
Christmas bells be cheery ”

Then rose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on
the mere,

Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear
bells ringing,

And a voice within cried—“Listen !—Christmas
carols even here !

Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the
stars and snows are singing

Blind ' I live, I love, I reign , and all the nations
through

With the thunder of my judgments even now
are ringing ,

Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear
through it angels singing ”

C KINGSLEY

200 —AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae run aboot the biae,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine ,
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine ,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

R BURNS

PART II

I —THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH
ARMADA

O NOBLE England !
 Fall down upon thy knee,
And praise thy God, with thankful heart,
 Which still maintaineth thee
The foreign forces
 That seek thy utter spoil,
Shall then, through His especial grace,
 Be brought to shameful foil
With mighty power
 They come unto our coast ,
To overrun our country quite
 They make their brags and boast ,
In strength of men
 They set their only stay
But we upon the Lord our God
 Will put our trust alway !

In happy hour
 Our foes we did descry,
And under sail, with gallant wind,
 As they came passing by

Which sudden tidings
 To Plymouth being brought,
 Full soon our Lord High Admiral
 For to pursue them sought,
 And to his train
 Courageously he said
 "Now for the Lord, and our good Queen,
 To fight be not afraid!
 Regard our cause,
 And play your parts like men!
 The Lord, no doubt, will prosper us
 In all our actions then"

This great Galleazzo
 Which was so huge and high,
 That like a bulwark on the sea
 Did seem to each man's eye,
 There was it taken,
 Unto our great relief,
 And divers nobles, in which train
 Don Pedro was the chief
 Strong was she stuffed
 With cannons great and small,
 And other instruments of war
 Which we obtained all
 A certain sign
 Of good success, we trust,
 That God will overthrow the rest,
 As He hath done the first

Then did our Navy
 Pursue the rest again,
 With roaring noise of cannons great,
 Till they near Calais came

With manly courage
 They followed them so fast,
 Another mighty Galleon
 Did seem to yield at last ,
 And in distress,
 For safeguard of their lives,
 A flag of truce they did hand out,
 With many mournful cries
 Which when our men
 Did perfectly espy,
 Some little barks they sent to her,
 To board her quietly

But these false Spaniards,
 Esteeming them but weak,
 When they within their danger came,
 Their malice forth did break
 With chargèd cannons
 They laid about them then,
 For to destroy those proper barks
 And all their valiant men
 Which when our men
 Perceivèd so to be,
 Like lions fierce they forward went
 To 'quite this injury ,
 And boarding them
 With strong and mighty hand,
 They killed the men, until their Ark
 Did sink in Calais' sand

The chieftest Captain
 Of this Galleon so high,
 Don Hugo de Moncaldo, he
 Within this fight did die

Who was the General
 Of all the Galleons great,
 But through his brains, with powder's force,
 A bullet strong did beat
 And many more
 By sword did lose their breath ,
 And many more within the sea
 Did swim, and took their death
 There might you see
 The salt and foaming flood
 Dyed and stained like scarlet red
 With store of Spanish blood

This mighty vessel
 Was threescore yards in length,
 Most wonderful, to each man's eye,
 For making and for strength ,
 In her were placed
 A hundred cannons great,
 And mightily provided eke
 With bread, corn, wine, and meat ,
 There were of oars
 Two hundred, I ween,
 Threescore feet and twelve in length
 Well-measured to be seen
 And yet subdued
 With many others more
 And not a ship of ours lost !
 The Lord be thanked therefore !

Our pleasant country
 So beautiful and so fair,
 They do intend, by deadly war,
 To make both poor and bare ,

Our towns and cities
 To rack and sack likewise,
 To kill and murder man and wife
 As malice doth arise.
 Our wealth and riches,
 Which we enjoyèd long,
 They do appoint their prey and spoil
 By cruelty and wrong ,
 To change our joy
 To grief and mourning sad,
 And never more to see the days
 Of pleasure we have had

But God Almighty
 Be blessèd evermore !
 Who doth encourage Englishmen
 To beat them from our shore ,
 With roaring cannons
 Their hasty steps to stay,
 And with the force of thundering shot
 To make them fly away,
 Who made account
 Before this time or day
 Against the walls of fair London
 Their banners to display
 But their intent
 The Lord will bring to nought
 If faithfully we call and cry
 For succour as we ought

And you, dear brethren !
 Which beareth arms this day,
 For safeguard of your native soil,
 Mark well what I shall say

Regard your duties ,
 Think on your country's good ,
 And fear not in defence thereof
 To spend your dearest blood !
 Our gracious Queen
 Doth greet you every one,
 And saith, she will among you be
 In every bitter storm ,
 Desiring you
 True English hearts to bear
 To God, to her, and to the land
 Wherein you nursèd were

Lord God Almighty
 (Which hath the hearts in hand
 Of every person to dispose),
 Defend this English land !
 Bless Thou our Sovereign
 With long and happy life,
 Endue her Council with Thy grace,
 And end this mortal strife !
 Give to the rest
 Of Commons more and less
 Loving hearts, obedient minds,
 And perfect faithfulness !
 That they and we
 And all, with one accord,
 On Sion Hill may sing the praise
 Of our most mighty Lord
 T DELONEY (1588)

2 —THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF
LINCOLNSHIRE

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three
“ Pull, if ye never pulled before ,
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he
“ Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe ‘ The Brides of Enderby ’ ”

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all ,
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall ,
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall

I sat and spun within the doore ,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ,
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
“ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth ,

From the meads where mellick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song—
 "Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
 "For the dews will soon be falling ,
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ,
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ,
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head,
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow
 Jetty, to the milking shed "

If it be long, ay long ago,
 When I beginne to think how long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ,
 And all the aire, it seemeth me,
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene ,
 And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide

The swan herds where then sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,

HIGH TIDE ON LINCOLNSHIRE COAST 341

The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ,
Till, floating o'er the grassy lea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby "

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie
And where the lordly steeple shows
They sayde, " And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ,
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ' ? "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth)

" The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne,
Go sailing uppe the market-place "

He shook as one that looks on death
 "God save you, mother!" straight he saith,
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
 With her two bairns I marked her long,
 And ere yon bells beganne to play
 Afar I heard her milking song"
 He looked across the grassy lea,
 To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast,
 For lo! along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre¹ reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
 It swept with thunderous noises loud,
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
 Then beaten foam flew round about—
 Then all the mighty floods were out

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea

¹ A huge tidal wave

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by,
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high—
 A lurid mark and dread to see,
 And awsome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby "

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed,
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed,
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 " O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth "

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea,
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 To manye more than myne and mee
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling,
 I shall never hear her song
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth,
 From the meads where mellick groweth,
 When the water winding down
 Onward floweth to the town

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver,
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore,
 I shall never hear her calling,

"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow,
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow,
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow,
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head,
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

J INGELOW

3 —THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?”

“The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin,
The guests are met, the feast is set
Mayst hear the merry din”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child,
The Mariner hath his will

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop,
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top

“ The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea

“ Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——”
The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ,
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy

The Wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong
He struck with his o’ertaking wings
And chased us south along

“ With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled

“ And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald

“ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen ,
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ,
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name

“ It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ,
The helmsman steered us through

“ And a good south wind sprang up behind ,
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner’s hollo !

“ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ,
While all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine ”

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look’st thou so ? ”—“ With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross ”

PART II

“The sun now rose upon the right ,
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea

“And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the Mariner’s hollo !

“And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe ,
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow
‘Ah wretch !’ said they, ‘the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow !’

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head
The glorious sun uprist
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist ,
‘’Twas right,’ said they, ‘such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist ’

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ,
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas sad as sad could be ,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ,
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink

"The very deep did rot O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea

"About, about, in reel or rout
The death-fires danced at night ,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spuit that plagued us so ,
Nine fathom deep he had followed us,
From the land of mist and snow

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ,
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot

"Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung "

PART III

" There passed a weary time Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky

" At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ,
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist

" A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered

" With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ,
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

" With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all

" See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

" The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun

" And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face

" Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud),
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

" Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

" Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she
Who thicks man's blood with cold

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice
'The game is done' I've won, I've won'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice

"The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark,
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip

"One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
And cursed me with his eye

"Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand

" I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown "—
" Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest !
This body dropped not down

" Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony

" The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on , and so did I

" I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ,
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay

" I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

" I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet

" The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away

" An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ,
But O more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die

" The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside

" Her beams bemoaned the sultry morn,
Like April hoar-frost spread ,
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

" Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare,
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware

"The self-same moment I could pray,
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea "

PART V

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke, it rained

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank,
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs,
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost

"And soon I heard a roaring wind ,
It did not come anear ,
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere

"The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The moon was at its edge

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side ,
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ,
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up-blew,
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do,
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools,—
We were a ghastly crew

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me "

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-guest !"
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest

"For when it dawned they dropped their arms
And clustered round the mast,
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun,
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ,
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute

“ It ceased , yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe ,
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid . and it was he
That made the ship to go
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also

“ The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean ,
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion,
Backward and forward half her length,
With a short uneasy motion

“ Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond

"How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare ,
But ere my living life returned
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air

" 'Is it he ?' quoth one, ' Is this the man ?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross

" 'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow '

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew ,
Quoth he, ' The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do '

PART VI

First Voice

" 'But tell me, tell me !—speak again,
Thy soft response renewing,
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ?'

Second Voice

" 'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ,
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast

“ ‘ If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him ’

First Voice

“ ‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ? ’

Second Voice

“ ‘ The air is cut away before
And closes from behind

“ ‘ Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated ,
For slow and slow that ship will go
When the Mariner’s trance is abated

“ I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather ,
’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ,
The dead men stood together

“ All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter ,
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter

“ The pang, the curse with which they died
Had never passed away
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray

“ And now this spell was snap’t , once more
I viewed the ocean green,

And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen,

“ Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ,
Because he knows a fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade

“ It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring ,
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too ,
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,
—On me alone it blew

“ O dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this my own countree ?

“ We drifted o’er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway

“ The harbour-bar was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon

“ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock ,
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock

“ And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there ?

“ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man
On every corse there stood

“ This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light

“ This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart,
—No voice, but O the silence sank
Like music on my heart

" But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ,
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear

" The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast

" I saw a third, I heard his voice
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood "

PART VII

" This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

" He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve ,
He hath a cushion plump ,
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump

" The skiff-boat neared I heard them talk,
' Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now ? '

“ ‘ Strange, by my faith ! ’ the Hermit said,
‘ And they answered not our cheer
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf’s young ’

“ ‘ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look
(The Pilot made reply),
I am a-feared ’—‘ Push on, push on ! ’
Said the Hermit cheerily

“ The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ,
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard

“ Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread ,
It reached the ship, it split the bay
The ship went down like lead

“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ,
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat

“ Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat spun round and round ,
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound

“ I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ,
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit

“ I took the oars the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro
' Ha ' ha ' ' quoth he, ' full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row '

“ And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely could he stand

“ ‘ O shrive me, shrive me, holy man ! ’
The Hermit crossed his brow
' Say quick, ' quoth he, ' I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ? ’

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ,
And then it left me free

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ,
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns

"I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech,
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there,
But in the garden-bow'ers the bride
And bride-maids singing are
And hark the little vespers bell
Which biddeth me to prayer

"O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seem'd there to be

"O sweeter than the marriage feast—
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest!—
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all’

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone, and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the Bridegroom’s door

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn

S T COLERIDGE

4 —THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR

“SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me ?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December,
And, like the water’s flow,
Under December’s snow,

Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber

"I was a Viking¹ old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald² in song has told,
No Saga³ taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee

"Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon,
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skipped the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow,
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's⁴ bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,

¹ A Scandinavian pirate
³ A Scandinavian legend.

² A Scandinavian poet.
⁴ A man-wolf

O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out,
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender,
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendour

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest,
 By the hawk flighted

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory,
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn
Out of those lips unshorn
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly

"She was a Prince's child,
I was a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight ?—
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded ?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen

“ Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ,
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us

“ And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman’s hail,
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ,
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water !

“ As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden ,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ,
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward

"There lived we many years ,
Time dried the maiden's tears ,
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ,
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ,
Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear
 O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison-bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool ¹ to the Northland ! *Skool* !"
—Thus the tale ended "

H W LONGFELLOW

¹ A Scandinavian greeting

5 —HORATIUS¹A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY
CCCLX

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine,

¹ For allusions in this poem any early History of Rome may be consulted

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ,
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ,

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ,
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ,
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ,
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ,
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ,
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill ,
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ,
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ,
Unharm'd the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere

The harvests of Arretium
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ,
And in the vats of Luna
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand ,
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ,
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ,
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome ,
And hang around Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome "

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ,
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman
And many a stout ally,
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright,
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways,
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses,
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky
The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands ,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot
 In Crustumerium stands
Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain ,
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all ,
In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall

They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate ,
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate
Out spake the Consul roundly
 “ The bridge must straight go down ,
For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town ”

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul
Lars Porsena is here"
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come,
And louder still and still more loud
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears

And plainly and more plainly
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine,
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo

There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ,
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymane

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ,
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe
" Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ,
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ,
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? "

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ,
A Ramnian proud was he
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee "
And out spake strong Herminius ,
Of Titian blood was he .
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee "

“ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“ As thou sayest, so let it be ”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old

Then none was for a party ,
Then all were for the state ,
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great
Then lands were fairly portioned ,
Then spoils were fairly sold .
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head
Where stood the dauntless Three

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ,
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ,

Aunus from green Tifernum
Lord of the Hill of Vines ,
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ,
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath
Herminius struck at Serus,
 And clove him to the teeth
At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust

Then Ocnus of Faleri
 Rushed on the Roman Three,
And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The Rover of the sea,
And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albina's shore

Herminius smote down Aruns
 Lartius laid Ocnus low
Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
 No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail"

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes

A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way

But hark ! the cry is Astur
And lo ! the ranks divide ,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ,
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way ? "

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ,
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ,
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ,
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here '
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race ,
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt then hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array,
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd,
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome"

Thrice looked he at the city,
Thrice looked he at the dead,

And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide
“Come back, come back, Horatius !”
Loud cried the Fathers all
“Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !”

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace"

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see,
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he,
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,

And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ,
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain
And fast his blood was flowing ,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus ,
“Will not the villain drown ?

But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !”
“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore ,
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before ”

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ,
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ,
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie

It stands in the Comitum,
Plain for all folk to see ,
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home,
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow,
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of *Algidus*
Roar louder yet within ,

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ,
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ,
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ,

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ,
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ,
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old

MACAULAY

6 —GOBLIN MARKET

MORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry
" Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries,—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly,
Come buy, come buy
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye,
Come buy, come buy "

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger-tips
"Lie close," Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head
"We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?"
"Come buy," call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen
"O," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men"
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look,
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds' weight
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious,
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes"
"No," said Lizzie "No, no, no,
Their offers should not charm us,

Their evil gifts would harm us "
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran .
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
"Come buy, come buy"
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother ,
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother
One set his basket down,

One reared his plate ,
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town) ,
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry
Laura staid but did not stir,
Longed but had no money
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-paced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard,
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly",—
One whistled like a bird

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste
"Good Folk, I have no coin ,
To take were to purloin ,
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather "
"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answered all together
"Buy from us with a golden curl "
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,

Clearer than water flowed that juice ,
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use ?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore ,
She sucked until her lips were sore ,
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings
“ Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens ,
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours ?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away ,
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew gray ,
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so ”
“ Nay, hush,” said Laura

"Nay, hush, my sister
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still,
To-morrow night I will
Buy more," and kissed her
"Have done with sorrow,
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting,
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave
they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap"

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro

Round their nest
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest

Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie ·
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed ,
Talked as modest maidens should
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part ,
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night

At length slow evening came
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook ,
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep ,
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags
Then turning homeward said " The sunset flashes
Those furthest loftiest crags ,
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep "
But Laura loitered still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep

And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill ;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jungle
Of sugar-baited words
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling ,
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come ,
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look
You should not loiter longer at this brook
Come with me home
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through ,
Then if we lost our way, what should we do ?"

Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy "
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit ?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind ?

Her tree of life drooped from the root
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache ,
But peering through the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way ,
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept ,
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain
She never caught again the goblin cry
"Come buy, come buy,"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and gray ,
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south ,
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watched for a waxing shoot,
But there came none ,
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear,
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride,
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse,
But put a silver penny in her purse,

Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps
of furze

At twilight, halted by the brook
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her
Squeezed and caressed her
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates
“Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,

Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs,
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs "—

"Good folk," said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie
"Give me much and many "—
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny
"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,"
They answered grinning
"Our feast is but beginning
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry
Such fruits as these
No man can carry,
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us "—
"Thank you," said Lizzie "but one waits
At home alone for me
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee "—

They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil,
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,
Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word ;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrupped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot ,
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way ,
Knew not was it night or day ,
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear

She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse
But not one goblin skurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear,
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath
with haste
And inward laughter

She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me ?
Come and kiss me
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew
Eat me, drink me, love me,
Laura, make much of me,
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men "

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden ?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden ?"—
She clung about her sister,

Kissed and kissed and kissed her
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth ,
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at
her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame ,
She gorged on bitterness without a name
Ah ' fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care '
Sense failed in the mortal strife
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,

Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last ,
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life ?

Life out of death
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse s flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ,
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of
gray,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own ,
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives ,

Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood ,
(Men sell not such in any town)
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather ,
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands "

C G ROSSETTI

7 —THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

MY hand is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears ,
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,

For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake,
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place
We were seven—who now are one
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage,
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died
For the God their foes denied,
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain

That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet each alone,
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold
 But even these at length grew cold,
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best,
And each did well in his degree
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest,
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe,
Which he abhorred to view below

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind,
Strong in his frame, and of a mood,
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank

With joy —but not in chains to pine
 His spirit withered with their clank ,
 I saw it silently decline—
 And so perchance in sooth did mine
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ,
 To him his dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills

VI

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ,
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave inthrals
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay
 We heard it ripple night and day ,
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ,
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky ,
 And then the very rock hath rock'd ,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free

So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind !
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ,
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less .
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear ,
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ,
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him —I found him not
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ,
The last—the sole—the dearest link,
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe
I took that hand which lay so still,

Alas ! my own was full as chill
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death

IX

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and an,
 And then of darkness too
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist,
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place,
There were no stairs—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless

X

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird ,
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ,
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ,
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,—
But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !—
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ,
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew ,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay

XI

A kind of change came in my fate ,
 My keepers grew compassionate
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was —my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ,
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,

My brothers' graves without a sod ,
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick

XII

I made a footing in the wall ,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape,
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery ,
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye

XIII

I saw them—and they were the same ,
They were not changed like me in frame
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ,
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ,

And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all,
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain,
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote,
At last men came to set me free,
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,

It was at length the same to me
Fetter'd or fetterless to be .
I learn'd to love despair
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are —even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh

BYRON

8 —KILMENY

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—
The scarlet hypp, and the hind-berrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree ,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be

But lang may her minnie look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw,
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet on Kilmeny come hame !

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-
bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was seise, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane,
When the ingle lowed with an eerie leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame !

" Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
Lang hae we sought both holt and dean
By linn, by foid, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fain to see
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen ?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green ?
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen ?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face,
As still was her look and as still was her ee
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare,

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung
And the ans of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been—
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun or moon or night,
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam
The land of vision, it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream

In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane,
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happ'd wi' the flowerets gay,
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep,
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e
Till waked by the hymns of a far countree

She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim,
And lovely beings around were rife
Who erst had travelled mortal life
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied,

"Baith night and day I have watched the fau,
 Eident a thousand years and mair
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
 Wherever blooms femenitye,
 But sinless virgin, free of stain
 In mind and body, fand I nane
 Never since the banquet of time
 Found I a virgin in her prime
 Till late this bonny maiden I saw
 As spotless as the morning snaw
 Full twenty years she has lived as free
 As the spirits that sojourn in this countree
 I have brought her away frae the snares of men
 That sin or death she may never ken "

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
 They kissed her cheek and they kemed her hair,
 And round came many a blooming feie,
 Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here,
 Women are free of the lilt and scorn,
 O blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
 Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
 Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
 Commissioned to watch fair womankind
 For it's they who nurse the immortal mind
 We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
 And deep in the greenwood walks alone,
 By lily bower and silken bed
 The viewless tears have been o'er them shed,
 We have seen, we have seen! but the time maun
 come,
 And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

“O would the faeest of mortal kind
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e’e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity !
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden’s prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !
And dear to Heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty’s mounth !
And dear to the viewless forms of air
The mind that kythes as the body fair !

“O bonny Kilmeny, free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here ,
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
Of the times that are now, and the times that
shall be ”

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day ,
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and her beauty never might fade ,
And they smiled on Heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She ken’d not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn,—
“O blest be the day Kilmeny was born !

Now shall the land of the spirits see
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ,
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air
But lang lang aften, baith nicht and day,
When the sun and the world have fled away ,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !”

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below ,
But so swift they waned her through the light,
’Twas like the motion of sound or sight ,
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there,
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they passed, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
A moment seen, in a moment gone
Ah ! never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o’er which they flew,
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven ,
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven’s blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen,
And they seated her high on a purple sward,

And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
 And note the changes the spirits wrought,
 For now she lived in the land of thought
 She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes
 She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
 But an endless whirl of glory and light,
 And radiant beings went and came,
 Far swifter than wind, or the linkèd flame.

* * * *

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
 So far surpassing Nature's law,
 The singer's voice wad sink away,
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her ain countree,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unsewn,
 To warn the living maidens fair,
 The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
 That all whose minds unmeled remain
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane

With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep,
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
 All lapped with flowers, in the greenwood wene.
 When seven long years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame.
 And O, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her e'e !

For there was no pride nor passion there ,
And the soft desire of maiden's e'en
In that mild face could never be seen
Her seymar was the lily-flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ,
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea
But she loved to raik the lanely glen,
And keep afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring ,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ,
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled ,
The dun deer wooed with manneer bland,
And cowered beneath her lily hand,
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion.
O, then the glen was all in motion !
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their boughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ,
The corby left her houf in the rock
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ,
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ,
The wolf and the kid their raik began,
And the kid and the lamb and the leveret ran ,
The hawk and the keen attour them hung,

430 THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their
young,
And all in a peaceful ring were huiled—
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen
But O ! the words that fell frae her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of tiuth !
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ,
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again
J HOGG

9 —THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

IT was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart
King,
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep
The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their
glee ,

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ,
 And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
 Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,
 Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said
 "Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
 Speaking some unknown language strange and
 sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
 The village with the cheers of all their fleet ,
 Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
 Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening gulls and boys

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
 In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ,
 And thrifty farmers as they tilled the earth,
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
 That mingled with the universal mirth,
 Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ,
 They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
 words

To swift destruction the whole race of birds

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
 To set a price upon the guilty heads
 Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
 Levied black-mail upon the garden-beds,
 And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
 The awful scarecrow with his fluttering shreds ,
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased

Then from his house, a temple painted white
 With fluted columns and a roof of red,
 The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
 Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
 Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
 Down the long street he walked, as one who
 said,
 "A town that boasts inhabitants like me
 Can have no lack of good society !"

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
 The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
 Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
 And all absorbed in reveries profound
 Of fair Almira in the upper class,
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
 As pure as water, and as good as bread

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ,
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore ,
 His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
 There never was so wise a man before ,
 He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so !"
 And to perpetuate his great renown,
 There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
 With sundry farmers from the region round
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ,
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,

But enemies enough, who every one
 Chaiged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
 Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
 And, trembling like a steed before the start,
 Looked round bewildered on the expectant
 throng,

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
 To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 And quite determined not to be laughed down

" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
 From his republic banished without pity
 The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
 The street musicians of the heavenly city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul

" The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood ,
 The oriole in the elm , the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food,
 The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray
 Flooding with melody the neighbourhood ,
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song

" You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
 Or a few cherries that are not so sweet
 As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these ?
 Do you ne’er think who made them, and who
 taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught !
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
 And when you think of this, remember too
 ’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds !
 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
 As in an idiot’s brain remembered words
 Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
 Will bleat of flocks, or bellowing of herds
 Make up for the lost music, when your teams
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
 The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

“What ! would you rather see the incessant stir
 Of insects in the windrows of the hay

And hear the locust and the grasshopper,
 Their melancholy hudy-gurdies play '
 Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
 Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,
 Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take
 Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

“ You call them thieves and pillagers , but know
 They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
 Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ,
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
 Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail

“ How can I teach your children gentleness,
 And mercy to the weak, and reverence
 For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
 Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
 The self-same light, although averted hence,
 When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
 You contradict the very things I teach ? ”

With this he closed , and through the audience went
 A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ,
 The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
 Their yellow heads together like their sheaves,
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
 Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves
 The birds were doomed, and, as the record shows,
 • A bounty offered for the heads of crows

There was another audience out of reach,
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
 But in the papers read his little speech,
 And crowned his modest temples with applause,
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause,
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
 O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began,
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland
 crests,
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
 breasts,
 Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
 While the young died of famine in their nests,
 A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
 The very St Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;
 The days were like hot coals, the very ground
 Was burned to ashes, in the orchards fed
 Myriads of caterpillars, and around
 The cultivated fields and garden-beds
 Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
 No foe to check their march, till they had made
 The land a desert without leaf or shade

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
 - Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
 Slaughtered the Innocents From the trees spun
 down
 The canker-worms upon the passers-by,

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
 Who shook them off with just a little cry,
 They were the terror of each favourite walk,
 The endless theme of all the village talk

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain,
 For after all, the best thing one can do,
 When it is raining, is to let it rain
 Then they repealed the law, although they knew
 It would not call the dead to life again,
 As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look,
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doomsday-Book
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
 Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
 A waggon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
 All full of singing birds, came down the street,
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet

From all the country round these birds were brought,
 By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicket prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth,
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth

H. W. LONGFELLOW

10 —THE DAY-DREAM

I —THE SLEEPING PALACE

THE varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains,
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn

The fountain to his place returns
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn
Here droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs
In these, in those the life is stay'd
The mantles from the golden pegs
Droop sleepily no sound is made,
Not even of a gnat that sings
More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
That watch the sleepers from the wall

Here sits the Butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd, and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honour blooming fair,
The page has caught her hand in his
Her lips are sever'd as to speak
His own are pout'd to a kiss
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek

Till all the hundred summers pass
The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring
His state the king reposing keeps
He must have been a jovial king

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
 At distance like a little wood,
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
 And grapes with bunches red as blood,
 All creeping plants, a wall of green
 Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,
 High up, the topmost palace spire

When will the hundred summers die,
 And thought and time be born again,
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
 Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
 Here all things in their place remain,
 As all were order'd, ages since
 Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
 And bring the fated fairy Prince

II —THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Year after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
 Across the purple coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
 On either side her tranced form
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl
 The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould
 Languidly ever, and, amid
 Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,

Glows forth each softly-shadow'd arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light

She sleeps her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart
The fragrant tresses are not stir'd
That lie upon her charmed heart
She sleeps on either hand upswells
The gold-fing'd pillow lightly prest
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest

III —THE ARRIVAL

All precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth,
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth
He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass,
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scatter'd blanching on the grass
He gazes on the silent dead
"They perish'd in their daring deeds"
This proverb flashes thro' his head,
"The many fail the one succeeds"

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks
He breaks the hedge he enters there
The colour flies into his cheeks
He trusts to light on something fair,
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear

More close and close his footsteps wind
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee
“Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be !”

IV —THE REVIVAL

A touch, a kiss ! the charm was snapt
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks,
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,

The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,
"By holy hood, a royal beard !
How say you ? we have slept, my lords
My beard has grown into my lap "
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago ?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by

V — THE DEPARTURE

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him

‘ I’d sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss ,”
“ O wake for ever, love,” she hears,
“ O love, ’twas such as this and this ”
And o’er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream’d thro’ many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

“ O eyes long laid in happy sleep !”
“ O happy sleep, that lightly fled !”
“ O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep !”
“ O love, thy kiss would wake the dead !”
And o’er them many a flowing range
Of vapour buoy’d the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro’ many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark

“ A hundred summers ! can it be ?
And whither goest thou, tell me where ?”
“ O seek my father’s court with me,
For there are greater wonders there ”
And o’er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro’ all the world she follow’d him

TENNYSON

I I —POOR MATTHIAS

POOR Matthias !—Found him lying
Fall'n beneath his perch and dying ?
Found him stiff, you say, though warm—
All convulsed his little form ?
Poor canary ! many a year
Well he knew his mistress dear ,
Now in vain you call his name,
Vainly raise his rigid frame,
Vainly warm him in your breast,
Vainly kiss his golden crest,
Smooth his ruffled plumage fine,
Touch his trembling beak with wine
One more gasp—it is the end !
Dead and mute our tiny friend !
—Songster thou of many a year,
Now thy mistress brings thee here,
Says, it fits that I rehearse,
Tribute due to thee, a verse,
Meed for daily song of yore
Silent now for evermore

Poor Matthias ! Wouldst thou have
More than pity ? claim'st a stave ?
—Friends more near us than a bird
We dismiss'd without a word
Rover, with the good brown head,
Great Atossa, they are dead ,
Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme
Tells the praises of their prime
Thou didst know them old and gray,
Know them in their sad decay

Thou hast seen Atossa sage
Sit for hours beside thy cage,
Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,
Flutter, chirp—she never stirr'd!
What were now these toys to her?
Down she sank amid her fur,
Eyed thee with a soul resign'd—
And thou deemedst cats were kind!
—Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat

Rover died—Atossa too
Less than they to us are you!
Nearer human were their powers,
Closer knit their life with ours
Hands had stroked them, which are cold,
Now for years in churchyard mould,
Comrades of our past were they,
Of that unreturning day.
Changed and aging, they and we
Dwelt, it seem'd, in sympathy
Alway from their presence broke
Somewhat which remembrance woke
Of the loved, the lost, the young—
Yet they died, and died unsung

Geist came next, our little friend,
Geist had verse to mourn his end
Yes, but that enforcement strong
Which compell'd for Geist a song—
All that gay courageous cheer,
All that human pathos dear,

Soul-fed eyes with suffering worn,
Pain heroically borne,
Faithful love in depth divine—
Poor Matthias, were they thine?

Max and Kaiser we to-day
Greet upon the lawn at play,
Max a dachshound without blot—
Kaiser should be, but is not
Max, with shining yellow coat,
Pinkish ears and dewlap throat—
Kaiser, with his collie face,
Penitent for want of race
—Which may be the first to die,
Vain to augur, they or I!
But, as age comes on, I know,
Poet's fire gets faint and low,
If so be that travel they
First the inevitable way,
Much I doubt if they shall have
Dignity from me to crown their grave

Yet, poor bird, thy tiny corse
Moves me, somehow, to remorse,
Something haunts my conscience, brings
Sad, compunctious visitings
Other favourites, dwelling here,
Open lived to us, and near,
Well we knew when they were glad,
Plain we saw if they were sad,
Joy'd with them when they were gay,
Soothed them in their last decay,
Sympathy could feel and show
Both in weal of theirs and woe

Birds, companions more unknown,
Live beside us, but alone ,
Finding not, do all they can,
Passage from their souls to man
Kindness we bestow, and praise,
Laud their plumage, greet their lays ,
Still, beneath their feather'd breast,
Stirs a history unexpress'd
Wishes there, and feelings strong,
Incommunicably strong ,
What they want, we cannot guess,
Fail to track their deep distress—
Dull look on when death is nigh,
Note no change, and let them die
Poor Matthias ! couldst thou speak,
What a tale of thy last week !
Every morning did we pay
Stupid salutations gay,
Suited well to health, but how
Mocking, how incongruous now !
Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed,
Never doubtful of thy need ,
Praised, perhaps, thy courteous eye,
Praised thy golden livery
Gravely thou the while, poor dear !
Sat'st upon thy perch to hear,
Fixing with a mute regard
Us, thy human keepers hard,
Troubling, with our chatter vain,
Ebb of life, and mortal pain—
Us, unable to divine
Our companion's dying sign,
Or o'erpass the severing sea
Set betwixt ourselves and thee,

Till the sand thy feathers smutch
Fallen dying off thy perch ¹

Was it, as the Grecian ¹ sings,
Birds were born the first of things,
Before the sun, before the wind,
Before the gods, before mankind ?
Airy, ante-mundane throng—
Witness their unworldly song ¹
Proof they give, too, primal powers,
Of a prescience more than ours—
Teach us, while they come and go,
When to sail, and when to sow
Cuckoo calling from the hill,
Swallow skimming by the mill,
Swallows trooping in the sedge,
Starlings swirling from the hedge,
Mark the seasons, map our year,
As they show and disappear
But, with all this travail sage,
Brought from that anterior age,
Goes an unreversed decree
Whereby strange are they and we,
Making want of theirs, and plan,
Indiscernible by man

No, away with tales like these
Stol'n from Aristophanes ¹
Does it, if we miss your mind,
Prove us so remote in kind ?
Birds ¹ we but repeat on you
What amongst ourselves we do
Somewhat more or somewhat less,
Tis the same unskilfulness

¹ Aristophanes

What you feel, escapes our ken—
Know we more our fellow men ?
Human suffering at our side,
Ah, like yours is undescried !
Human longings, human fears,
Miss our eyes and miss our ears
Little helping, wounding much,
Dull of heart, and hard of touch,
Brother man's despairing sign
Who may trust us to divine ?
Who assure us, sundering powers
Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours ?

Poor Matthias ! See, thy end
What a lesson doth it lend !
For that lesson thou shalt have,
Dead canary bird, a stave !
Telling how, one stormy day,
Stress of gale and showers of spray
Drove my daughter small and me
Inland from the rocks and sea
Driv'n inshore, we follow down
Ancient streets of Hastings town—
Slowly thread them—when behold,
French canary-merchant old
Shepherding his flock of gold
In a low dim-lighted pen
Scann'd of tramps and fishermen !
There a bird, high-coloured, fat,
Proud of port, though somewhat squat—
Pursy, play'd-out Philistine—
Dazzled Nelly's youthful eyne
But, far in, obscure, there stirr'd
On his perch a sprightlier bird,

PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEENE' 451

Courteous-eyed, erect and slim,
And I whisper'd "Fix on *him*,"
Home we brought him, young and fair,
Songs to trill in Surrey air
Here Matthias sang his fill,
Saw the cedars of Pains Hill,
Here he pour'd his little soul,
Heard the murmur of the Mole
Eight in number now the years
He hath pleased our eyes and ears,
Other favourites he hath known
Go, and now himself is gone
—Fare thee well, companion dear!
Fare for ever well, nor fear,
Tiny though thou art, to stray
Down the uncompanion'd way!
We without thee, little friend,
Many years have not to spend,
What are left, will hardly be
Better than we spent with thee

M ARNOLD

12 — PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY
QUEENE'

I — UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field,
Yet arms till that time did he never wield
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainng to the curb to yield

Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he
wore,

And dead as living ever Him adored
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in his help he had
Right faithful true he was in deed and word,
But of his cheer¹ did seem too solemn sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad²

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled³ was full low,
And over all a black stole did she throw,
As one that only mourned . so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow
Seemèd in heart some heavy care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad

II —THE WOOD OF ERROR

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand,
Whose lofty trees, yclad with Summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star;
And all within were paths and alleys wide,

¹ Countenance

² Dreaded

³ Plaited.

With footing worn, and leading inward far
Fair harbour that them seems, so in they entered
are

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the buds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky
Much can they praise the trees so straight and
high,

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspen good for staves, the cypress funeral,

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
The carver holm, the maple, seldom inward sound

III —THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS

He, making speedy way through speisèd an,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep

454 PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEENE'

In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
While sad Night over him her mantle black doth
spread

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast ,
The one fair framed of burnished ivory,
The other all with silver overcast ,
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish Care their enemy, '
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd deep
In drowsy fit he finds , of nothing he takes keep

And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the
soun'
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swown
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont to annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard but careless Quiet lies
Wiapt in eternal silence far from enemies

IV —PRINCE ARTHUR

His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray ,
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may .
Athwart his breast a baldrick brave he ware,
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most
precious rare .

And in the midst thereof, one precious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus among the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights
 Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
 In ivory sheath, ycarved with curious slights,¹
 Whose hilts were burnished gold, and handle
 *strong

Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden tong

His haughty helmet, horrid² all with gold,
 Both glorious brightness and great terror bred,
 For all the crest a dragon did unfold
 With greedy paws, and over all did spread
 His golden wings his dreadful hideous head
 Close couchèd on the bever,³ seemed to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
 That sudden horror to faint hearts did show,
 And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low

Upon the top of all his lofty crest
 A bunch of hairs discoloured diversely
 With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake and seem to dance for jollity,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted high
 On top of green Selinus⁴ all alone
 With blossoms brave bedeckèd daintily,
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath that under heaven is blown

His warlike shield all closely covered was,
 Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen,

¹ Devices ² Bristling ³ Visor (of a helmet)

⁴ Probably Selinus, in Sicily

456 PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEENE'

Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,—
Such earthly metals soon consumèd been,
But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
It framèd was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never peicen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray
For so exceeding shone his glistening ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay,
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is stained with magic arts'
constraint.

No magic arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call,
But all that was not such as seemed in sight
Before that shield did fade and sudden fall.
And, when him list the rascal routs appal,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,¹
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all.
And when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue

V —BELPHŒBE

—Eftsoon² there steppèd forth
A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,

¹ Transmute

² Forthwith

PICTURES FROM 'THE FAIRY QUEENE' 457

That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance born of heavenly
birth

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemèd not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at the heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing persant and so wondrous bright
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft essayed, but had no might,
For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
desire

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead
All good and honour might therein be read
For there their dwelling was And, when she
spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did
shed,

And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to
make

Her yellow locks, crispèd like golden wive,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind amongst them did inspue,¹
They wavèd like a pennon wide dispred,
And low behind her back were scatterèd,
And whether art it were, or heedless hap,
As through the flowering foest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did
lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did
enwrap

VI —THE HOUSE OF PRIDE

A stately palace, built of squarèd brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor
thick,
And golden foil all over them displayed,
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed .
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful boweis ,
And on the top a dial told the timely hours

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit ;
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit

¹ Breathe,

PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEENE' 459

And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of Heaven shak'd it,
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly

* * * * *

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sat, most brave embellish'd,
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden queen, that shone, as Titan's¹ ray,
In glistening gold and peerless precious stone,
Yet her bright blazing beauty did essay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest child,²
That did presume his father's fiery wain
And flaming mouths of steeds unwonted wild
Through highest Heaven with weaker hand to
rein

Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
And, wrapped with whirling wheels, enflames
the skyen
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine

So proud she shined in her princely state,
Looking to Heaven, for earth she did disdain,
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate
Lo, underneath her scornful feet was lain
A dreadful dragon with an hideous train,
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,

¹ Here, the Sun

² Phaethon

460 PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEEN'

Wherein her face she often viewèd fain,
And in her self-loved semblance took delight,
For she was wondrous fain, as any living wight

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queen of hell,
Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring Jove, that high in Heaven doth
dwell

And wield the world, she claimèd for her sire,
Or if that any else did Jove excel,
For to the highest she did still aspire,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made herself a queen, and crowned to be,
Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native sovereignty
But did usup with wrong and tyranny
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold
Ne ruled her realm with laws, but policy,
And strong advisement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdom did
uphold

VII — THE EARTHLY PARADISE

They behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strewed with pleasaunce¹, whose fair grassy
ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified

¹ Delight

With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
 When forth from virgin bower she comes in the
 early morn

Thereto the Heavens, always jovial,
 Looked on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
 Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 To afflict the creatures which therein did dwell,
 But the mild air with season moderate
 Gently attempered, and disposed so well
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
 wholesome smell

There the most dainty paradise on ground
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none doth other's happiness envy,
 The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing
 space,
 The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
 And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought, appeared in no
 place

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scornèd parts were mingled with the fine),
 That Nature had for wantonness ensued¹
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine,

¹ Pursued

Bent hollow beetle brows , sharp staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemed one by his view
 Mote deem him born with ill-disposed skies,
 When oblique¹ Saturn sate in the house² of
 agonies³

Whom Alma⁴ having showed to her guests,
 Thence brought them to the second room, whose
 walls
 Were painted fair with memorable gests⁵
 Of famous wizards , and with picturals⁶
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,
 Of laws, of judgments and of decretals ,
 All arts, all science, all philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily

Of those that room was full , and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continual practice and usage
 He now was grown right wise, and wondrous
 sage ,
 Great pleasure had those strange knights to see
 His goodly reason and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desired to be ;
 But Alma thence them led to the hindmost room
 of three

That chamber seemèd ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removèd far behind ,

¹ Here, malign

² District (of the heavens)

³ Strife People born under Saturn were said to be melancholy and quarrelsome

⁴ The soul

⁵ Deeds

⁶ Pictures

PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEENE' 465

Yet were the walls that did the same uphold
Right firm and strong, though somewhat they
declined

And therein sat an old old man, half blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,¹
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensed them with a better scorese.²
Weak body well is changed for mind's redoubled
force

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foiegone through many ages held;
Which he recorded still as they did pass,
Ne suffered them to perish through long eld,
As all things else the which this world doth weld,³
But laid them up in his immortal scrine,⁴
Where they for ever incorrupted dwelled,
The wars he well remembered of King Nine,⁵
Of old Assaracus,⁶ and Inachus⁷ divine

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest lived,
For he remembered both their infancies.
Ne wonder then if that he were deprived
Of native strength now that he them suuived
His chamber all was hanged about with rolls,
And old records from ancient times derived,
Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes

¹ Body ² Exchange ³ Govern ⁴ Cabinet

⁵ Ninus, the mythical founder of Nineveh

⁶ A king of Troy, great-grandfather of Æneas

⁷ A king of Argos, son of Oceanus and Tethys

IX —THE HOUSE OF RICHES

At last him to a little door he brought,
 That to the gate of hell, which gapèd wide,
 Was next adjoyning, ne then parted ought
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
 That did the House of Riches from Hell-mouth
 divide

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
 Break in and spoil the treasure there in guard
 Ne would he suffer sleep once thitherward
 Approach, albe¹ his drowsy den were next ,
 For next to Death is Sleep to be compared ,
 Therefore his house is unto his annex
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both
 betwixt

That house's form within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches
 hung,
 Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metal loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat ,
 And over them Arachne² high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
 Enwrappèd in foul smoke, and clouds more black
 than jet

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,
 But overgone with dust and old decay,

¹ Although² The spider

And hid in darkness, that none could behold
 The hue thereof, for view of cheerful day
 Did never in that house itself display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
 Or as the moon, clothed with cloudy night,
 Does show to him that walks in fear and sad
 , affright

X —MARRIAGE OF UNA AND THE RED-CROSS
 KNIGHT

Then 'gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day,
 They all perfumed with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetched from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great array,
 And all the while sweet music did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melancholy,
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity

During the which there was an heavenly noise,
 Heard sound through all the palace pleasantly,
 Like as it had been many an angel's voice,
 Singing before the Eternal Majesty,
 In their tunal triplicities on high
 Yet with no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himself thereby reft of his senses meet,
 And ravished with full impression in his spite

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemn feast proclaimed throughout the land,

468 PICTURES FROM 'THE FAERY QUEENE'

That their exceeding muth may not be told
 Suffice it here by signs to understand
 The usual joys at knitting of love's band
 Thrice happy man the Knight himself did hold,
 Possessèd of his lady's heart and hand ,
 And even when his eye did her behold
 His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold

* * * * *

Now strike your sails, ye jolly mainers,
 For we be come unto a quiet road,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessel of her load
 Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
 Till she repairèd have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplied , and then again abroad,
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent
 Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent !

E SPENSER

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